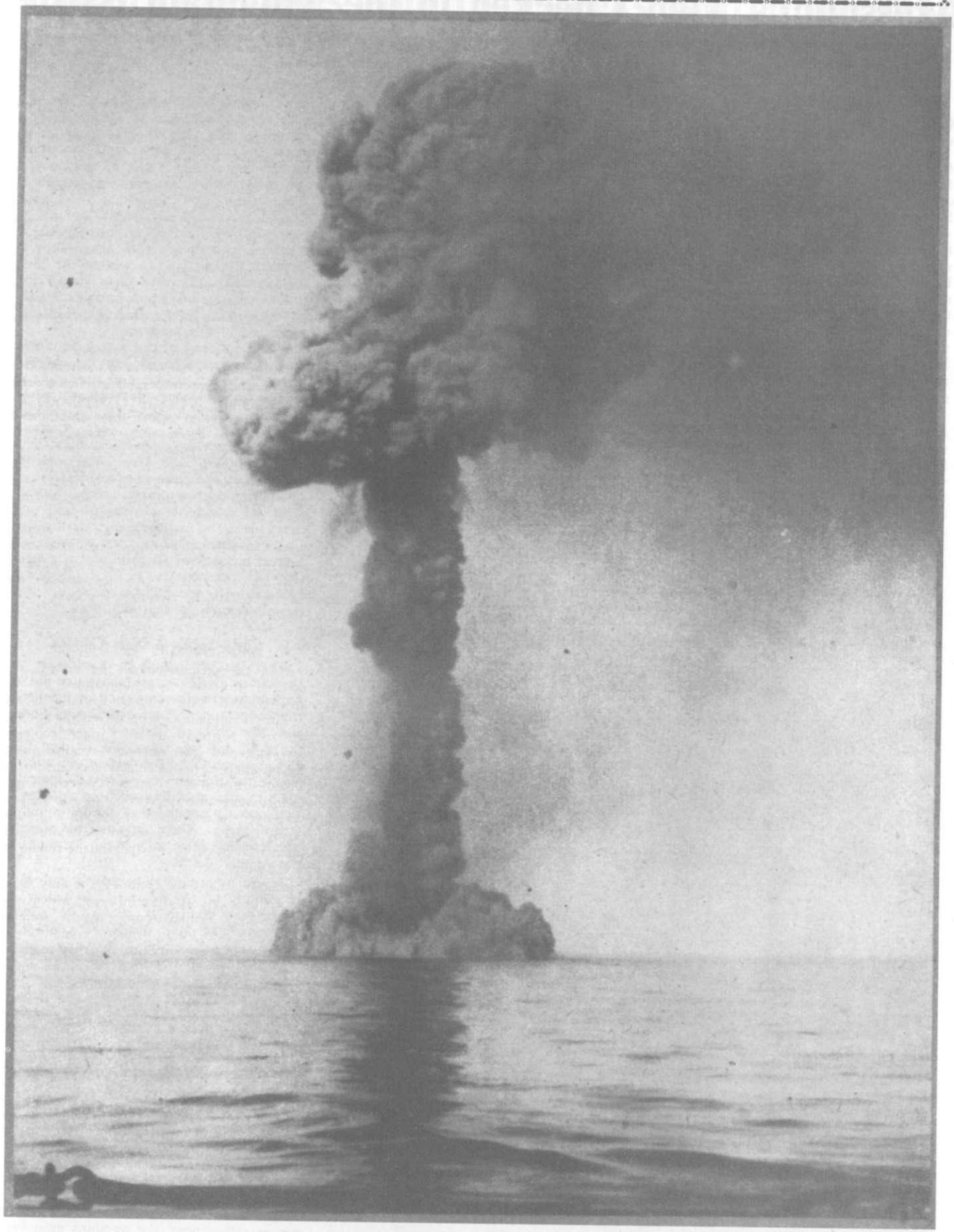


'AJAX' OF RIVER PLATE FAME HITS HARD AGAIN

This great column of smoke marks the end of the "Artigliere," an Italian destroyer sunk in the Mediterranean by H.M.S. "Ajax" on October 12, 1940. The British ship engaged three enemy destroyers, including the "Artigliere," which, after being disabled, was taken in tow by a consort; the latter cut the painter and left the damaged ship to her fate on sighting other British forces. The British ships threw rafts overboard to help the survivors and signalled their position. H.M.S. "York," from which this photograph was taken, sank the "Artigliere" with a shot that struck the magazine.

Photo, G.P.U.

Mussolini's Men Checked in the Mountain Battle

After a fortnight of war the Italians had made an inglorious showing in their invasion of Greek territory. The outstanding event was the defeat of the Alpini, described below, while the occupation of Crete made Italy's position even more vulnerable than heretofore. But the main Italian effort is yet to come.

SHORTLY before he launched his attack on Greece Mussolini is stated to have expressed his confidence that the Italian troops would be in Athens within 12 days. A fortnight after the offensive opened, however, the Italians had still a long way to go; so far from having reached Athens, they had not yet sighted the roof-tops of Janina. Moreover, in one section of the front the invaders had been driven back, and Koritza—one of the chief Italian supply bases in Albania—was threatened by Greek detachments which had succeeded in carrying at the point of the bayonet the heights which dominate the town. Then on November 11 came the news of another reverse to the Italian arms, one even more spectacular and unexpected.

"Between October 28 and November 10," ran an official bulletin issued in Athens on the latter date, "operations proceeded on a large scale in the mountainous and thickly wooded region of Smolika and Grammos in the north of the Pindus range, which resulted in the complete defeat and breaking-up of an Alpini division, one of the crack enemy divisions, supported by cavalry, Bersaglieri and a Fascist militia formation."

The Alpini division—it was the Third, from Venice—was mobilized long ago, and had seen service in Albania before the war began. No doubt it was selected by the Italian Command as being the one most capable of dealing a quick, decisive blow at the Greek forces in Epirus. When it made its attack it was supported by strong forces of artillery and tanks, with which it was confidently hoped the Greek communications would soon be threatened and severed.

The Alpini attempted a dash across the mountains with a view to reaching Metsovo, some 20 miles to the north-east of Janina, whence it might debouch on to the plains of Thessaly and Epirus and cut the Salonika-Athens railway at Larissa. The Alpini made some progress down the Sarantaporo and Aeos valleys, and as the enemy advanced the Greek light covering forces withdrew before them. Indeed, they did their best to draw the Italians ever deeper into the mountainous gorges, and for a week the northern entrance to the Aeos valley was deliberately left open so that more and more of the enemy might be enticed into the trap.

While the Italians were making their way along the rough mountain tracks—roads is hardly the word to use—the Greeks were being steadily reinforced, and night after night little bodies of Greek soldiers clambered into position on the lofty peaks which dominated the gorges along whose bottoms, several thousands of feet below, the Italians were making their painful way.

Then, at the opportune moment, the Greeks launched their counter-attack. For days they fought with characteristic stubbornness over most difficult country in cold and rain, often going hungry because of the difficulty of obtaining their viands; such supplies and stores as reached them in their eyries were brought up with the aid of women from the neighbouring villages. At length the fierce fighting came to an end; the enemy forces were completely overthrown and, in their haste to avoid being surrounded they retreated in disorder, hotly pursued by the Greeks. In their mad rush down the gorges they carried away with them Italian reinforcements which had been landed at Valona, and which were being rushed in motor-lorries to the aid of their comrades.

Whole platoons of the enemy flung away their arms and plunged into the mountain torrents, already considerably swollen by the autumn rains. Scores were swept away by the rushing stream before they could make the opposite bank, and were drowned. Hundreds more sought safety in flight across the mountains, and days afterwards the Greeks, patrolling the wooded heights, came upon heaps of enemy corpses already showing signs of having been mauled and half-devoured by mountain bears and wolves. Large numbers of prisoners were taken, and a great quantity of all sorts of war material fell into the hands of the victors. By November 10 the fighting was over; the Alpini division had been destroyed.

In the mountainous country on the frontier between Albania and Greece, Greek pack artillery (light guns carried on mule-back) has proved a valuable arm. Here a train of these guns is marching towards the Albanian frontier, where they can traverse such rough mountain tracks as that seen in page 536, impassable even by the lightest mechanized vehicle. *Photo, Wide World*

Italy Sends a New General

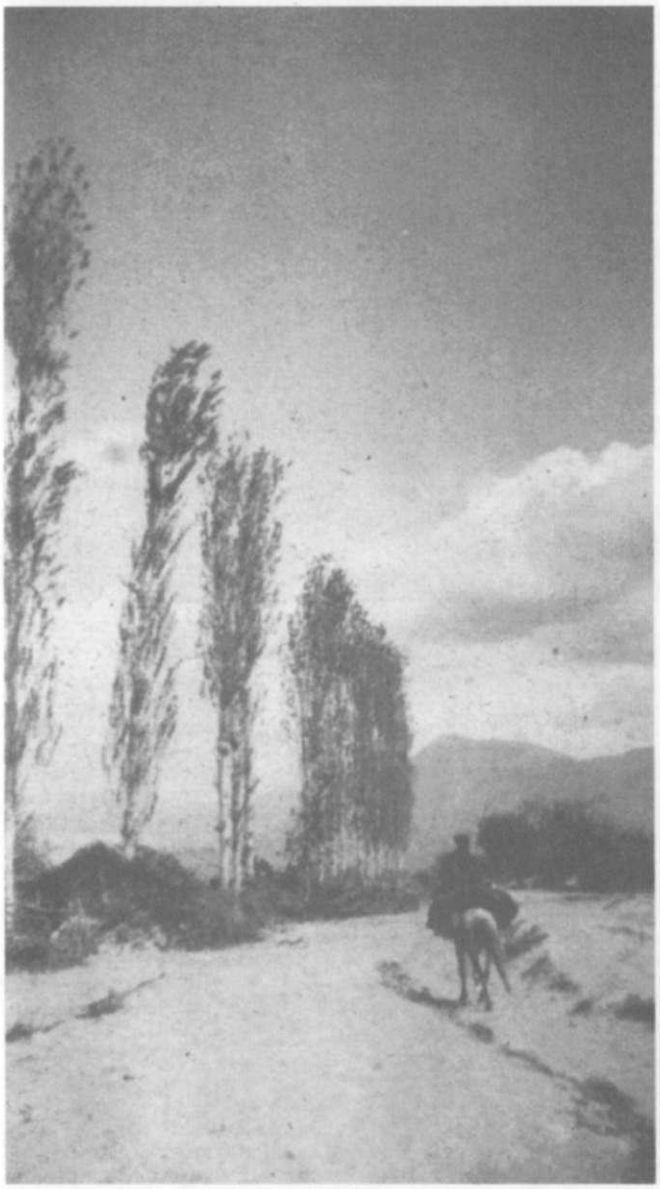
That the seriousness of the defeat was realized in Italy was demonstrated by the appointment to the command of the Italian troops operating in Greece of General Soddu, who was formerly Italian Under-Secretary for War, and who was now recalled from Egypt, where he had been acting as Graziani's Vice-Chief of Staff. Generals Vercellino and Geloso were also dispatched to Albania to take over the command of the 9th and 11th Army Corps. These appointments presaged a determined effort to wipe out the shame of the Alpinis' defeat.

Elsewhere in Greece, almost the only signs of military activity were in Crete, which was occupied by British troops early in November. As the little British Expeditionary Force came ashore in Suda Bay they received a vociferous welcome from the Greek shepherds, shopkeepers and fishermen, who poured down to the waterfront and cheered wildly as the soldiers, in full war kit, were landed from British warships. Gifts of fruit and nuts, fresh milk and wine, were showered upon them, and in a very short time the newcomers had made themselves comfortable in a land whose hills and fields made a pleasant and welcome contrast with the sandy deserts of Egypt. Though the weather was calm and the landing was made in daylight, the Italians did nothing to hinder it. But a day or two later Italian bombers flew over Rhodes and dropped bombs in the neighbourhood of Candia and Canea and on, or rather near, the warships assembled in Suda Bay. They were soon driven off, however, by the ships' anti-aircraft guns.

By the occupation of Crete, Britain not only established herself across the lines of

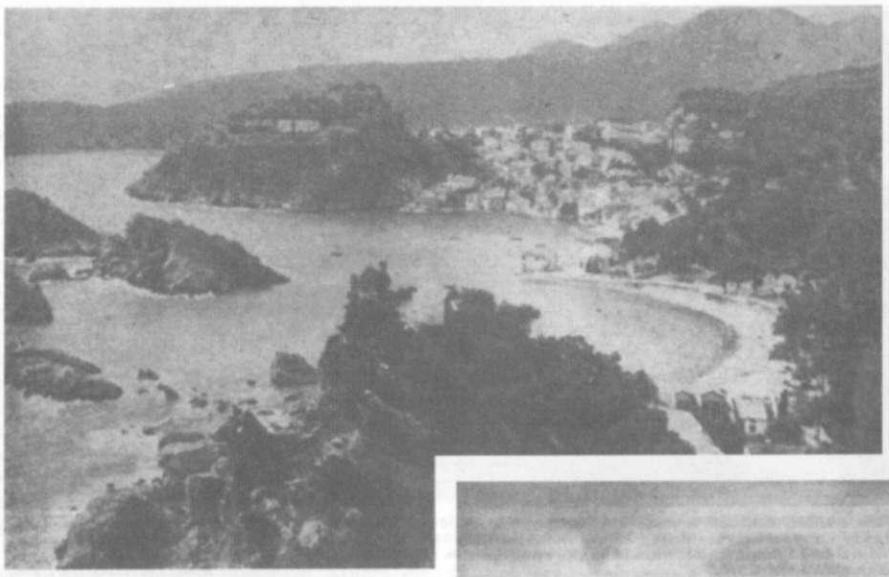
Italian Objectives—But the Greeks Barred the Way

At the very opening of their offensive in Epirus the Italians claimed to have thrown pontoon bridges across the river Kalamas, but even ten days later they apparently had not succeeded in crossing it in any strength. Rising in the mountain masses of Michekeli, the Kalamas, as this photograph shows, flows along a rocky bed ; in wintertime it is liable to flooding and must then present an even more formidable obstacle in the invader's path. It discharges into the Gulf of Goumenitsa, opposite the island of Corfu. *Photos, Catherine Harrison*



In discussing the strategy of the war in Greece, mention is frequently made of the roads, railways in the mountain regions being non-existent. It should be stated that even the so-called roads are, in many cases, but tracks or bridle paths, such as the one shown in the photograph on the left, above ; it follows the little river Acheron, which runs into the Ionian Sea at Speanza. Right, within the citadel at Janina. With its barracks, hotels, shops, banks, cinemas, and modern houses, Janina has spread far beyond the old town, where the Turkish pashas used to hold court.

Greece's Fortifications are the Gift of Nature



Picturesque in the extreme is the little Greek port of Parga, on the coast of Epirus. Today it is an objective of the Italian invaders; in bygone days it was held at times by Turks, Venetians, French, and even English.

communication which linked Italy with Rhodes and the islands of the Dodecanese, but secured bases for her ships and aircraft which should soon prove to be of inestimable value in the war against Italy. Already, then, Mussolini must be regretting his move of October 28. If Greece had bowed before the blast, had given way to his menaces as Rumania gave way before Hitler, then, as he confidently expected, he would indeed have been in Athens in ten days. But the Greeks, strong in the strength of British sea power, called the Duce's bluff.

History may have to record that the invasion of Greece was the beginning of the end of Mussolini's dominion. Certain it is that we have secured an ally of whom we may well be proud. "There is one small, heroic country," declared Mr. Winston Churchill in the peroration of his speech at the Lord Mayor's luncheon at the Mansion House on November 9, "to whom our thoughts today go out in new sympathy and admiration. To the valiant Greek people and their armies, now defending their native soil from the latest Italian outrage—to them we send from the heart of old London our faithful promise that amid all our burdens and anxieties we will do our best to aid them in their struggle, and that we will never cease to strike at the foul aggressor in ever-increasing strength from this time forth until the crimes and treacheries which hang around the neck of Mussolini and disgrace the Italian name have been brought to condign and exemplary justice."

Along the track, in the snow-topped Balkan mountains, passes a little caravan of mules (centre); for them it is passable, but not so, of a surety, for Mussolini's tanks and motor-lorries. Above is Koritza, one of Italy's principal bases in Albania, and the headquarters of the column operating against the Greeks in Epirus. A few days after the outbreak of the war the invader became the invaded, and the Greeks, crossing the frontier into Albania, carried the heights above Koritza by assault.

Photos, Catherine Harrison and Wide World

Don't We Really Know What We're Fighting For?

While the controversy over war aims continues, while men argue whether or not these war aims should be clearly stated by Mr. Churchill on behalf of the British Government, here is an article by E. Royston Pike which, it is hoped, may do something to clear the ground for future discussion.

THERE are some people about who profess that they are not quite clear in their own minds what we are fighting for. They admit that we are fighting for our self-preservation, but apparently to them self-preservation—like patriotism to Nurse Cavell—is not enough. Perhaps self-preservation—or saving our own skins—is too negative an idea; these people want something more positive, something glowing with hope and pride, with the colours painted by expectation—something that will cheer them on their road through the fogs and storms, the clinging darkness, of this coming wartime winter.

Other peoples seem to experience no difficulty of this sort. Some of them find their inspiration in revenge, that revenge which, as old Homer said, "is sweeter far than flowing honey." Revenge is a wonderful sharpener of swords, an unsurpassed hardener of resolution. Thus the Polish airmen, when they down a Dornier or send a Messerschmitt flaming into the sea, have the happy feeling that they have hit back at the men who invaded their country, bombarded their capital, burnt their homes, sacked their towns and villages. Probably there is not a man among them who has not some murdered friend to avenge, who does not grieve over someone carried away into Nazi slavery, some woman he has known widowed or treated with ruffianly violence. The Czechs, too, have their wrongs to avenge; always before their eyes is the spectacle of their martyred state, their closed universities, their suppressed newspapers, the students and other patriots bludgeoned and imprisoned, driven into exile or shot. Then the French—such of them as have any fight left in them after the disasters and the disillusionments of late months—dream of restoring France to her once great place amongst the nations; and the Belgians and the Dutch, those of them who have escaped into the freedom of the outside world and those who have been condemned to remain at home under the rule of the swaggering Nazis—they, too, brood over the joy of restoration, of repaying old scores, of wiping out recent ignominies with the sponge of glorious revenge.

And we? For most of us, probably, self-preservation is a sufficient urge for us to go on fighting, as it was for us to take up the sword. We know something at least of what Hitler's victory would mean for us, even though sometimes in unbelieving mood we say, "it couldn't happen here." Cradled as we have been in the ideals of a liberty which has grown and grown through more than a thousand years, speaking the speech of free men, and with ears attuned to the message of Milton and Cromwell, Pitt and Burke and Gladstone, it requires a really serious effort of concentration, a prolonged exercise of imagination, to think of England as it would be if the Nazis came and ruled.

If the Nazis Came to England

The King and Queen imprisoned in their rooms at Windsor Castle with German guards marching up and down the pavement without; a Gauleiter holding court in Buckingham Palace; Mr. Churchill driven from office and taken into preventive custody—if not hanged from Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square; our M.P.s thrust out of Westminster and carted away in lorries to the concentration camp; every newspaper worthy of the name suppressed, or if it continued to be printed, with men of the Gestapo sitting at the side of every sub-editor; every preacher who dared to proclaim a gospel uncontaminated by Nazi myths hounded from his pulpit; every writer, every journalist of independent mind, every business leader who refused to be dragooned, every judge and magistrate who refused to pervert justice, every Trade Union official who refused to betray his men, every Socialist, every Liberal who refused to "abjure his errors" and lick the Nazis' boots—thrown into a concentration camp without a trial and without any hope of getting one. Surely, we say to ourselves, we shall never live to see the day when old Jews, just because they are old Jews, are cuffed and kicked, paraded through the streets, labelled opprobriously, and made to perform the filthiest tasks in the most humiliating way. Surely, we say, we shall never see a Nazi trooper cut an English girl's hair off because she has been too friendly with a Jew; surely the bonfires of prohibited books will not be lit again at St. Paul's Cross, nor in place of our stolid, friendly "coppers," will men in black uniforms with pistols at their side harry and harass us, doing their best to make us a nation of spies and spied upon. Such things, we say, cannot happen here. But perhaps the Poles and Czechs, the French and the Belgians, the Dutch, and the Norwegians—perhaps they used that phrase, too; indeed, no doubt many of them did. All the same, those things could happen there, because they did. And they might happen here.

In fact, there is every reason to believe that by now, after a year and more of war, they would already have happened here if it had not been for a few thousand young men diving through the air in their Hurricanes and Spitfires, but for the guns of the "Nelson," "Rodney," and Britain's other big ships; and most of all, perhaps, but for that slender streak of water which Hitler's tanks and Hitler's men cannot cross.

Like the other countries that have fallen under Hitler's heel, Belgium is paying the heavy price of defeat. Many of her soldiers, taken prisoner during the campaign of last May, have been marched off from the prisoner-of-war camps to Germany, there to be employed as agricultural serfs to provide food for their conquerors. Often the means of transport in Germany are so bad that they have been forced to march the whole distance. Their sole hope of release from bondage lies in a British victory. *Photo, E.N.A.*

Who Is This Man Franklin Roosevelt?

President Roosevelt's unprecedented triumph in the Presidential election on November 5 was hailed with delight by the lovers of Democracy and Liberty everywhere, and with corresponding gloom and rage by the partisans of the Axis. Here we tell something of Roosevelt the Man, and supplement the biographical details with a suggestion of what his victory may mean for our Country and our Cause.

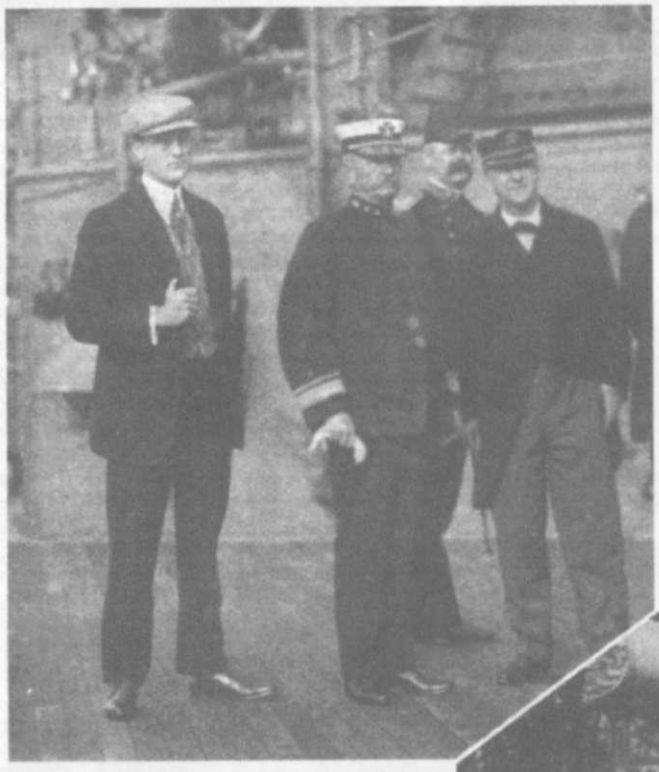
WHAT sort of a man is this Roosevelt, who, defying what has always been regarded as one of the most rigid and unalterable, even though unwritten, laws of the American constitution, has just been re-elected for a third term as President of the United States of America?

Both Roosevelt II, as the President is sometimes called, and his fifth cousin Roosevelt I—Theodore Roosevelt, who was President of the U.S.A. from 1901 to 1909—had a common ancestor in a Dutchman, one Van Rosenfelt, who emigrated to America about 1649 and made his home in New Amsterdam, later renamed New York; Roosevelt I was descended from one of his sons, and Roosevelt II springs from another. Both branches of the family settled in the State of New York, and it was in a pleasant, rambling old house at Hyde Park that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born on January 30, 1882. As befitted the son of a wealthy country gentleman, Franklin went to the best schools, travelled with his tutor in Europe, and in due course went to Harvard. As a youth there was some idea of his entering the Navy, but ultimately he studied law at Columbia University, and was admitted to the New York Bar in 1907, and practised in the city for the next three years. By now he had married, in 1905, his sixth cousin, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, a descendant of the other branch of the Roosevelt family and the niece of Roosevelt I.

Franklin Roosevelt's political life began with his election to the New York Senate in 1910—not as a Republican, the party of which Theodore Roosevelt was the head, but as a Democrat.

In 1912, when Theodore Roosevelt stood for the Presidency against Woodrow Wilson and Taft, Franklin Roosevelt was an active and ardent supporter of the Democrat, Wilson. Wilson won the election, and in the new Cabinet Franklin was given the appointment of Assistant Secretary to the Navy, a position which he held throughout the Great War until 1920. Then, as the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, he went down with Wilson in the hopeless fight against the Republican isolationists, and it seemed that his political career was at an end.

Then in 1921 fate dealt him a still harder blow. One day, when he was on a fishing and swimming trip in a friend's yacht, he was struck down by an attack of infantile paralysis. "What he suffered," writes Robert Waithman in his book "Report on America," "in the years when, a helpless cripple who first could not move his legs at all and then, painfully and slowly, learned to use crutches, what he learned to endure and how his spirit remained alive, is an untold story. The President could tell it, and Mrs. Roosevelt could, but neither of them is ever likely to do so. It is not a subject anyone talks about. But outsiders have said that when Roosevelt 'came back' after this illness, he was afraid of nothing."



From 1913 to 1920 Franklin Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary to the United States Navy, and as such he appears in these two photographs. In the upper one he is on board U.S.S. "Wyoming," with Rear-Admiral C. J. Badger. Even more interesting is the lower photograph, taken in 1919, where Mr. Roosevelt is on the extreme left, while on the right are Mr. Daniels, then U.S. Secretary of War, and the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor).

Photos, Topical

In 1924 he stood up on his crutches at the Democratic Convention and nominated Al Smith as the presidential candidate; four years later he nominated Smith again; Smith ran and was defeated by Hoover. Now it was Roosevelt's turn; he stood for the Governorship of New York. He won; it was the first step on the road to the White House. In 1932 he received the nomination as Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and at the election in November he carried 42 States out of the 48, and received a popular vote of 22,821,857 against Hoover's 15,761,841. But in accordance with the custom which then prevailed, he did not take office until the following March, and the actual date of his inauguration, March 4, 1933, was the blackest day in the history of modern America (see page 510); the Slump was at its worst, and millions of Americans were in despair. Hardly had Roosevelt begun to speak when, listening-in by their radio sets, the people took fresh heart. He spoke as a man inspired; as a man who knew what ought to be done and was determined to do it.

Then the New Deal was born, and in a few weeks from the lobbies in Washington to the little parlours in the town's back o' beyond everyone was discussing N.R.A. (National Industrial Recovery Act, June 13, 1933) and A.A.A. (Agricultural Adjustment Act of May 12, 1933), P.W.A. (Public Works Administration) and W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration, instituted on May 6, 1935), C.C.C. (Civilian Conservation Corps) and T.V.A. (Tennessee Valley Authority). Thousands of millions of dollars were spent on a vast series of economic measures and social reforms; a tremendous programme of public works was embarked upon, credit was cheapened, and everything was done to increase the purchasing power of the people. Old Age Pensions were introduced for the first time in the United States; unemployment insurance was enlarged

America's President Is Britain's Friend

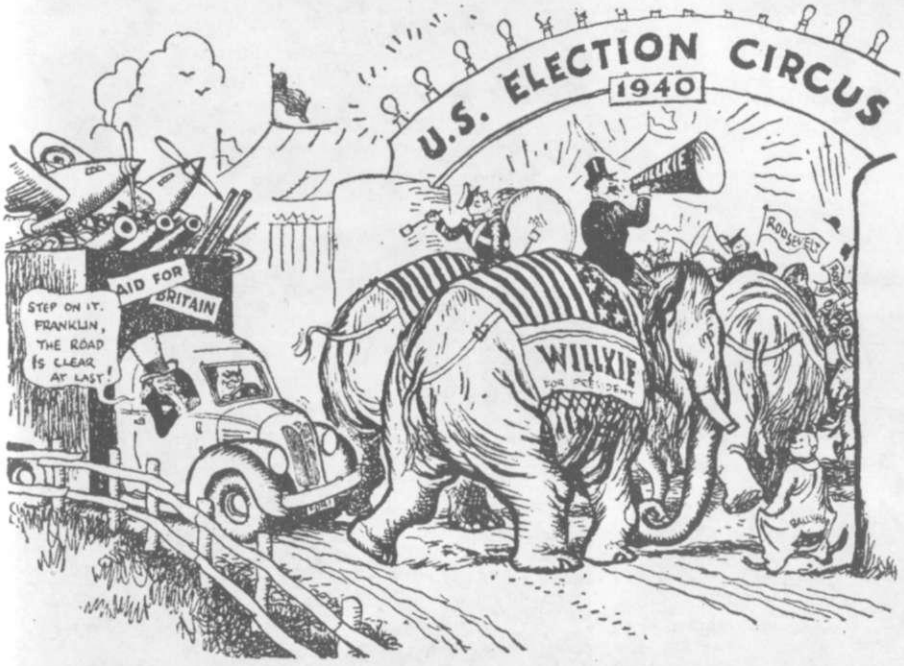
and social insurance was introduced by the Social Security Act. Child labour in the factories was abolished; trade unionism amongst the workers was encouraged by the Government; house building was stimulated; and the power of Wall Street was curbed, if not actually broken. The New Deal policy did not end unemployment, but it reduced the number of workless by seven, or perhaps as many as ten, millions, and in a hundred ways America caught up with the social legislation of the most advanced European countries—in some ways went beyond it.

Big business raged; the great majority of the newspapers were ranged against the President; the moneyed interests and most, but not all, of the upper classes took their stand against him. Yet all their rage and fury, their boundless opposition, was broken on the rock of the President's personality. In 1936, when he asked the electors to send him back to the White House for a second term, he won the most startling victory in American history. When the poll closed it was found that he had captured 46 States out of the 48, and polled 27,476,673 votes against Landon's 16,679,583.

Another four years went by—four years of unexampled activity in home affairs and of ever-increasing tension abroad. By now the President was a world figure, and when the election of 1940 came to be fought, both Democrats and Republicans were united on the main issues of his foreign policy. Though criticizing much of his home programme, they were at one with him in his resolve that everything possible should be done to help Britain defeat the aggressors. At the election on November 5 Roosevelt won 40 States and polled 26,000,000 votes against about 22,000,000 votes given to Wendell Willkie. On paper it was not so great a victory as that of four years before, yet in fact it was far greater, for the President had dared to do what only Theodore Roosevelt had dared to do before him—ask for a third term as President. Roosevelt I dared, but lost.; Roosevelt II dared and triumphed.

More than ever today Franklin Roosevelt is a world figure; perhaps more important for us is the fact that in America he holds a position of unchallenged supremacy, one even more dominating than was held by Lincoln or Washington himself. Pledged as he is to aid us to the utmost limit, we may expect in the immediate future many further expressions of American assistance—perhaps the famous bomb-sight, "flying fortresses," financial credits, more naval craft and a tremendous increase in the number of war-planes. Roosevelt knows, and the American people know, that if they want to keep out of war, then they must do their utmost to help Britain to hold the fighting line.

President Roosevelt with Mrs. Roosevelt in one of the President's scanty hours of leisure. They have four sons and one daughter.

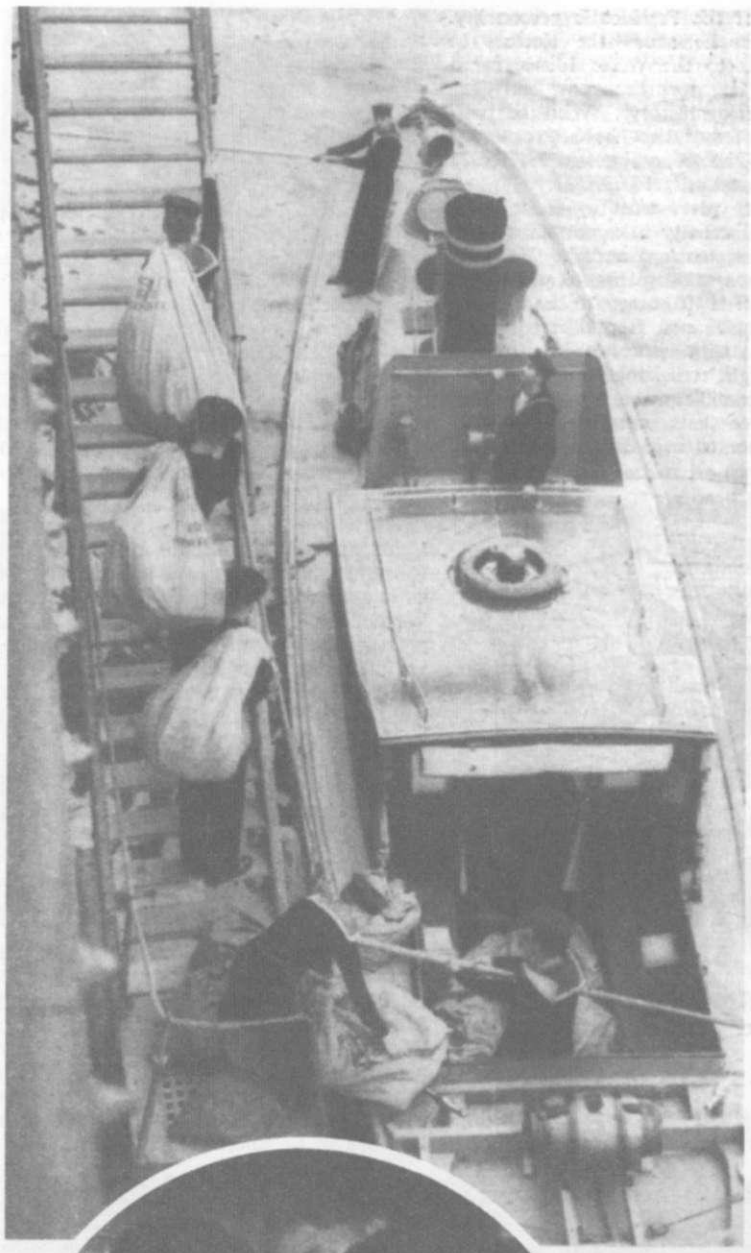


(From the Cartoon by Illingworth, by permission of "The Daily Mail.")

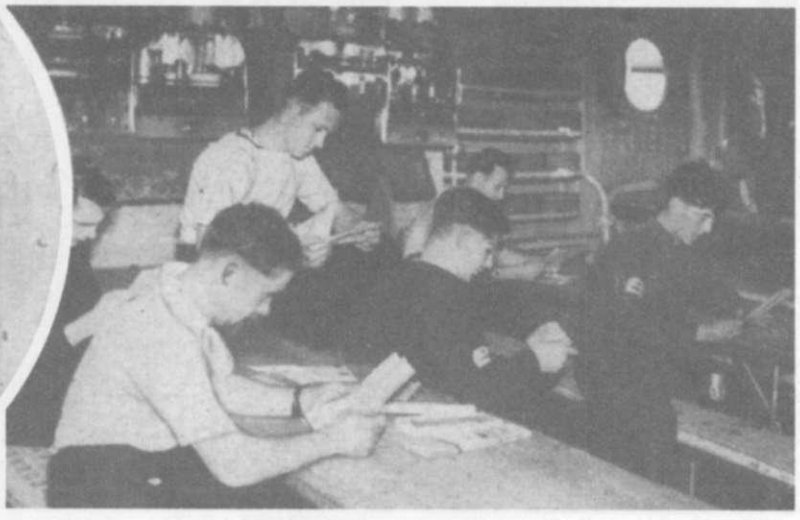
This photograph (transmitted across the Atlantic by wireless, hence its rough appearance) shows Mr. Roosevelt, after his return for a third term as President, waving thanks to his cheering supporters at his home at Hyde Park, New York State. On his left is Franklin Roosevelt, Junr., the third son, and his wife (formerly Ethel du Pont); next to them are John Roosevelt, fourth son, and his wife (formerly Anne Lindsay Clark); next again is Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt, the President's 84-year-old mother, and, extreme right, the President's wife.

Photos, Topical and Keystone

Back in Port the Letters Come Aboard



It is a great moment in the ships of the Royal Navy when the post arrives. Left, a picket boat of a warship discharges its load of mail bags; they are carried to the ship's post office, above, where the preliminary sorting takes place.



When the three Marines who act as sorters have finished their task of sorting out the letters and parcels for the men of each mess, one man from the mess comes to the hatch of the post office to collect those directed to his mates (circle). Then for a time there is silence on the lower deck (right), while at the mess tables every line from home is read and re-read.

Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright

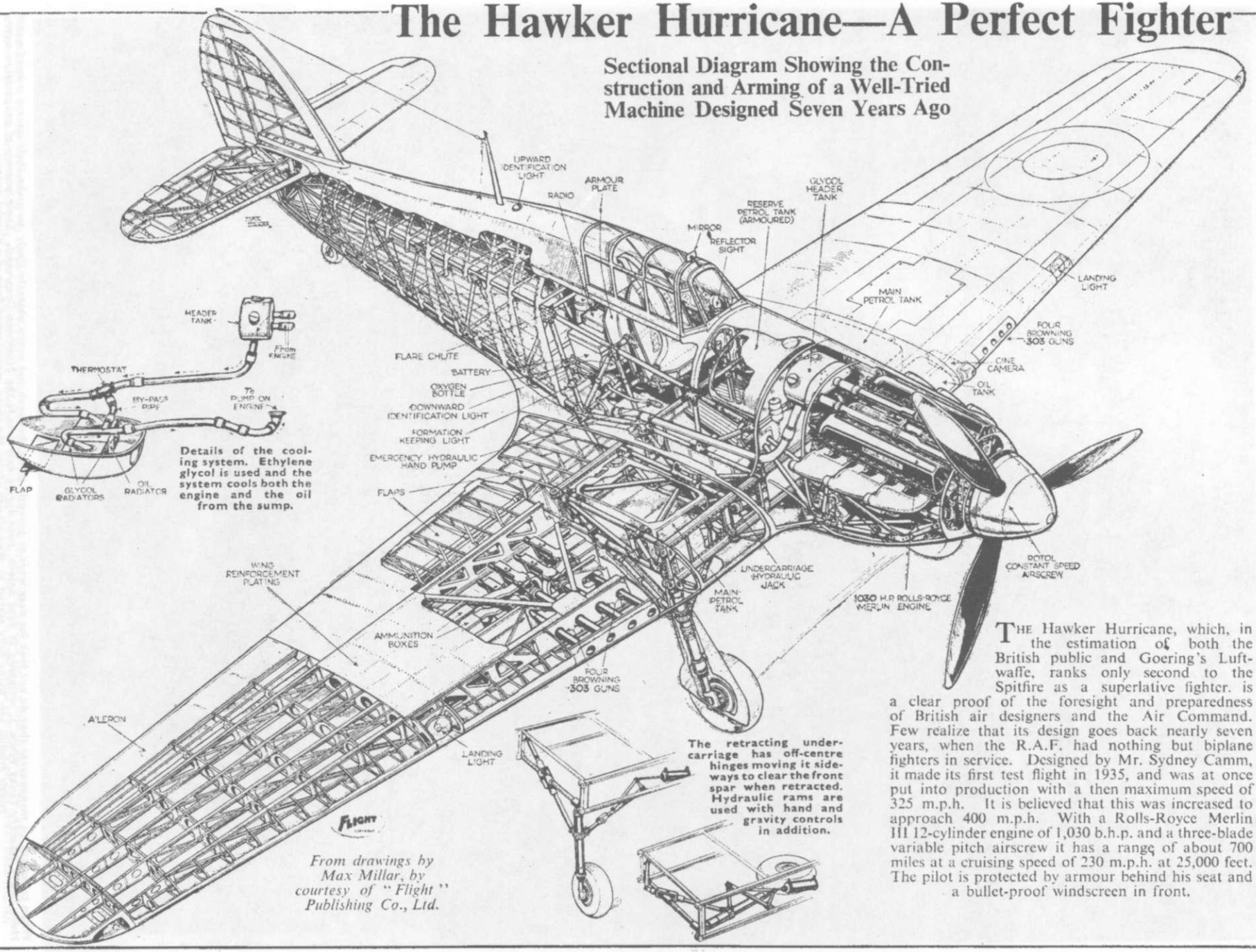
Our Heavy Tanks Make Light of Heavy Going

When tanks are on manoeuvres they do not look for easy ways or smooth going, but seek out every obstacle likely to make their course a hard one. Here heavy Infantry Tanks Mark 2, weighing 25 tons apiece, seen during exercises in the Northern Command. Their powers of progression over rough ground are being fully tested as they plough across the stony, waterlogged floor of a disused quarry.

Photo, G.P.U.

The Hawker Hurricane—A Perfect Fighter

Sectional Diagram Showing the Construction and Arming of a Well-Tried Machine Designed Seven Years Ago



Details of the cooling system. Ethylene glycol is used and the system cools both the engine and the oil from the sump.

The retracting undercarriage has off-centre hinges moving it sideways to clear the front spar when retracted. Hydraulic rams are used with hand and gravity controls in addition.

From drawings by Max Millar, by courtesy of "Flight" Publishing Co., Ltd.

THE Hawker Hurricane, which, in the estimation of both the British public and Goering's Luftwaffe, ranks only second to the Spitfire as a superlative fighter. is a clear proof of the foresight and preparedness of British air designers and the Air Command. Few realize that its design goes back nearly seven years, when the R.A.F. had nothing but biplane fighters in service. Designed by Mr. Sydney Camm, it made its first test flight in 1935, and was at once put into production with a then maximum speed of 325 m.p.h. It is believed that this was increased to approach 400 m.p.h. With a Rolls-Royce Merlin III 12-cylinder engine of 1,030 b.h.p. and a three-blade variable pitch airscrew it has a range of about 700 miles at a cruising speed of 230 m.p.h. at 25,000 feet. The pilot is protected by armour behind his seat and a bullet-proof windscreen in front.

This is the Hurricane Hawkers Build

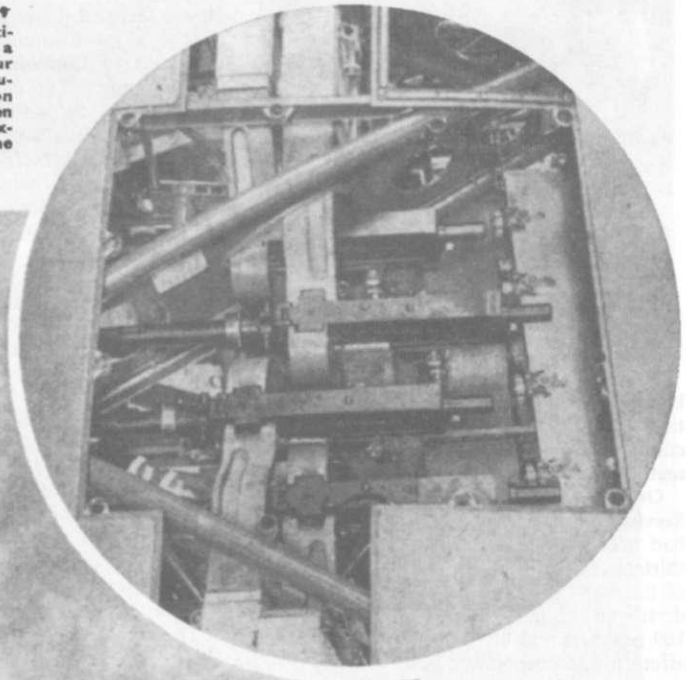
WITH its clean, graceful lines, characteristic wing shape and distinctive engine note, the Hawker Hurricane is an aeroplane which is recognized by thousands of British people as it flies day after day over England to grapple with the marauding Luftwaffe. To many the sight of the Hurricanes is a welcome one, and the roar of their engines a most heartening sound, for, with the Spitfires, through long weeks of almost ceaseless warfare they have defended cities, towns and hamlets against the brutal, ruthless onslaughts of the enemy.

Few aeroplanes have earned fame so quickly, nor deserved it so well. In France Hurricane pilots early showed their mettle. In Norway Hurricanes fought and destroyed many German aircraft, and in the Mediterranean this 40-foot-span single-seater fighter has been in many combats with the Italian air force. How many of the enemy have been sent crashing out of the sky by Hurricanes of our many Home Defence squadrons only the Air Ministry knows.

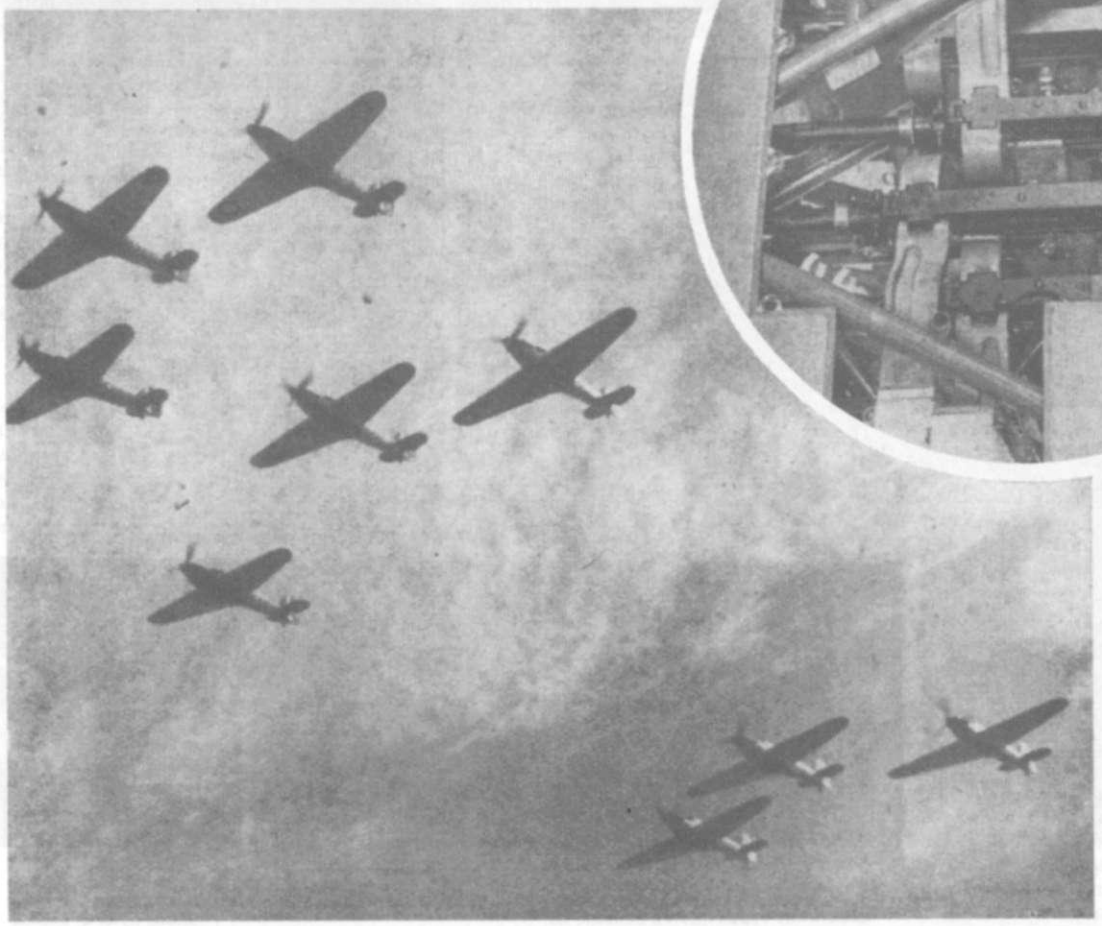
The well-armed Messerschmitt 110 and the Heinkel 113 are no less swift than the Hurricanes, yet against this wonderful British aircraft, no longer new in design, these Nazi 'planes are constantly outfought. Skilful pilotage and a great superiority in powers of manoeuvre the reasons. For its type the Hurricane is astonishingly nimble, and in spite of its high speed and comparatively large dimensions it can be turned and twisted about as can no enemy fighter. From pilots who fly it by day and by night it receives unstinted praise.

Mr. Sydney Camm, who as chief designer at Hawker Aircraft Ltd., was responsible for the technical features of the Hawker Hurricane. The basic design of this fighter was entirely new.
Photo, "Flight"

These incredibly beautiful clouds range from a height of about four thousand to ten thousand feet. A formation of 12 Hurricanes seen patrolling the vast expanse of sky above the lower cloud ranges.
Photo, P.N.A.



The Hurricane's armament is eight Browning 0·303 machine-guns (circle). These are mounted, four on each side, inside the wings. Ammunition boxes, feeds and the four Browning guns constitute the armament of one wing of the machine.
Photo, "Flight"



A formation of nine Hurricane machines (left) in search of enemy aircraft. These fighters can fly at an altitude of more than six miles. The clouds against which the 'planes are seen sometimes reach a height of 25,000 feet.
Photo, P.N.A.

Our A.A. Guns Shot Down 357 Raiders

Consistently splendid work has been done by our A.A. gunners since the Air Battle for Britain began. Some details are given below. A significant feature of the past week's air operations was the rout of an Italian force of bombers and fighters, thirteen of whom were destroyed near London without loss on Monday, November 11.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday, November 5, the Premier spoke of the dwindling scale of the Nazi air attack. He hinted that other factors besides bad weather had accounted for this slowing down of the enemy offensive, and there is no doubt that new measures for the interception and destruction of night raiders are being taken.

An example of the freak results of blast from bombs is seen above. The tractor drawing a furniture van, and a part of the van itself, have been lifted bodily on to the top of another van. *Photo, Fox*

Nothing spectacular need be looked for, but rather a gradual increase in the proportion of night bombers destroyed, as the cumulative effect begins to be felt of certain methods now being tried out.

On November 10 the Air Ministry News Service stated that 357 enemy aircraft had been shot down by anti-aircraft guns in thirteen weeks, and 400 since the beginning of the war—one-seventh of the total number destroyed. Since August 8, 112 fighters, 109 bombers and 49 doubtful types of enemy aircraft have been shot down. Many others just managed to limp home, badly mauled.

Monday's daylight raids were made on the London area, East Anglia and the Midlands. Casualties were few and the damage slight. The number of aircraft employed was small. Workers were machine-gunned when leaving a London factory early in the evening. Widespread night attacks of a heavy nature came after dusk, and continued for a long time.

Two lightning attacks on London were attempted on Tuesday, November 5, by raiders flying at about 25,000 feet. The first lot—forty in number—were turned back on the outer fringe of the capital; the second, composed of about 20 aircraft, got only to within 40 miles of London before they were forced to flee. Night attacks began early, but the enemy aircraft were few in number. A London suburb was bombed some minutes before the Alert was sounded. There was a good deal of material damage in outlying districts, but the casualties were not heavy.

Bombs were dropped in the Southampton area on Wednesday afternoon, when students were trapped in a school shelter and some killed and wounded. Houses and public buildings were damaged. Another heavy attack was made on London and the Home Counties at night. Two churches were hit, and in one case a bomb fell at the entrance to the crypt, where some hundreds of people had taken refuge. There were no casualties, and community singing was continued after a short pause.

The story of Thursday's daylight raids is like that of many other attempts: one formation came up the Thames Estuary and was driven back before reaching London; a single raider approaching from East Anglia flew very high over London and was shot down after a hot chase. Two other formations made an abortive attack on Portsmouth. The machine shot down was a Messerschmitt fighter-bomber; two Hurricanes sighted it when they were flying at 10,000 feet and it was some four miles higher in the sky. Climbing all the time, they chased it to London, and at Chiswick got within range. The enemy went still higher, but was closed with and engaged at 200 yards. The Hurricane pilots claimed to have "damaged" the Nazi, but on landing learned that, in fact, they had destroyed the raider.

At night the Nazis resumed their heavy attacks, using flares freely to light up their objectives. Central London was bombed, and the outskirts also were attacked.

Enemy dive-bombers which attempted to attack shipping on the East and South-east coasts of England on Friday, November 8, were signally defeated, despite their strong fighter escorts. **In a battle lasting only a few minutes fifteen of the Nazis were shot down by one squadron of our fighters.** Six more of the Junkers were probably destroyed at the same time, and a further two were known to have been damaged, and it seems that only two out of the twenty-five went scathless.

At night there was a resumption of the intensive raids on London. Liverpool was twice attacked, with incendiary bombs.

There was comparatively little daylight activity on Saturday, November 9. A raider which dropped bombs in the London area was later shot down by our fighters off the coast of Sussex. Three other raiders were destroyed during the night, one crashing on houses in a street at Bromley, Kent. Another was shot down off the Kentish coast, and the third met its doom over Lostwithiel.

Sunday's daylight raids were aimed in the morning at towns on the Kent and Sussex coasts and in the Scilly Isles. Though 24 bombs fell on one town in the south-east, and widespread damage was done, there was only one casualty.

Sunday night's air attacks were over soon after midnight, but while they lasted they were somewhat heavy. During one period raiders flew across London at the rate of one every minute. There were some poignant tragedies, as when six people in one family were killed while celebrating the christening of a baby; the child was among the victims.

Thirteen Italian bombers and fighters, and twelve German aircraft were destroyed on Monday by two squadrons of Hurricanes. A Dornier bomber was also brought down by rifle fire by a Home Guard unit. Only two R.A.F. aircraft were lost in these engagements.

AIRCRAFT LOSSES OVER BRITAIN
German to April 30, 1940

Total announced and estimated—West Front, North Sea, Britain, Scandinavia 350

	German	Italian	British
May	1,990	—	258
June	276	—	177
July	245	—	115
Aug.	1,110	—	310
Sept.	1,114	—	311
Oct.	241	—	119
Nov. 1-11	92	13	30
Totals, May to Nov. 11	**5,068**	**13**	**1,320**

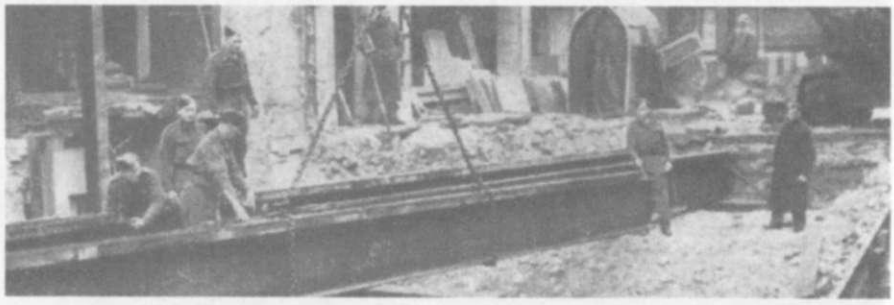
Daily Results

Nov.	German Losses	Italian Losses	British Losses	British Pilots Saved
1 ...	18	—	7	2
2 ...	10	—	—	—
3 ...	1	—	1	—
4 ...	—	—	—	—
5 ...	7	—	5	2
6 ...	6	—	4	1
7 ...	8	—	5	5
8 ...	22	—	6	3
9 ...	7	—	—	—
10 ...	—	—	—	—
11 ...	13	13	2	—
Totals	**92**	**13**	**30**	**13**

None of the figures includes aircraft bombed on the ground or so damaged as to be unlikely to reach home.

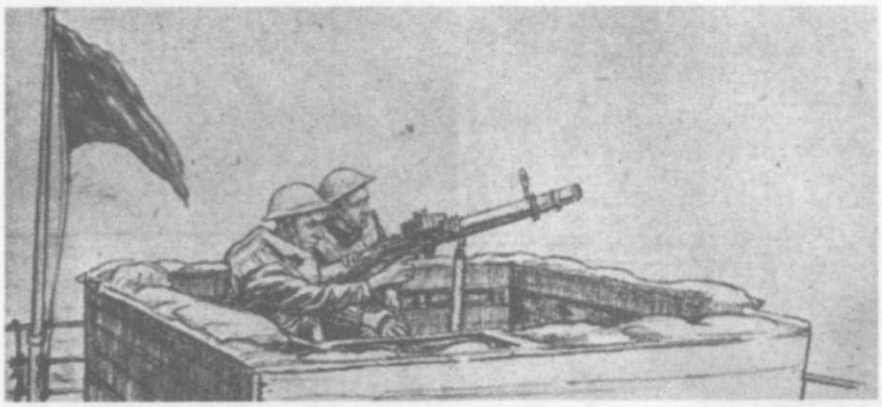
From the beginning of the war up to Nov. 11, 2,846 enemy aircraft have been destroyed during raids on Britain. R.A.F. losses were 813, but the pilots of 405 British machines were saved.

Mr. Churchill on Nov. 5 gave weekly average of killed and seriously wounded for September as 4,500; for October, 3,500. In first week of intense bombardment in September 6,000 casualties; in the last week of October, only 2,000 casualties. Totals announced for October: killed, men 2,791; women 2,900; children 643. Wounded and detained in hospital, men 4,228; women 3,750; children 717.



One of the greatest difficulties in restoring traffic on main streets in which a bomb has dropped is the repairing of cables and gas and water mains damaged by the explosions. In one crowded street a temporary bridge is being built over the crater which will allow one-way traffic to continue while repairs go on beneath it. *Photo, Sport & General*

GALLERY OF WAR PICTURES BY THE OFFICIAL ARTISTS



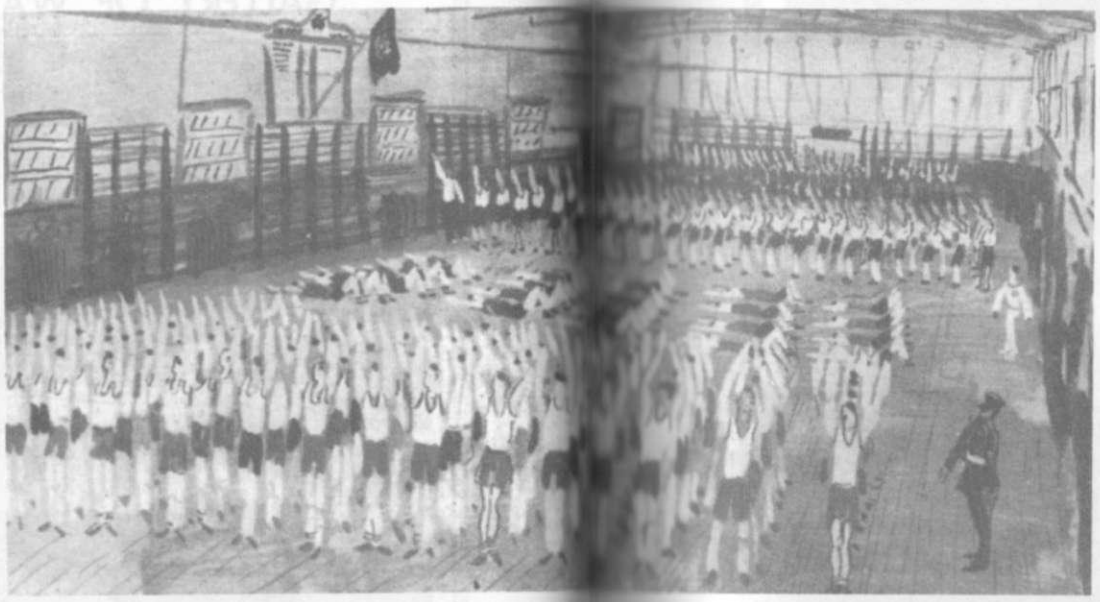
"George Anderson, Able Seaman, awarded M.B.E., and Lawrence Smith Halcrow, Steward, Commended, both of the S.S. 'Highlander.'" Sir Muirhead Bone. (*Right*) "Minesweeper." Hubert Freeth.

THE War of 1914 was a source of inspiration to many notable artists, and the pictures of Eric Kennington, Paul and John Nash, C. R. W. Nevinson, Sir John Lavery and Sir William Orpen—to mention a few at random—formed a contribution to the contemporary history of the War which was highly characteristic, and as an interpretation of the period still possesses great importance. So far the Second World War cannot be said to have inspired the artists of today to greater achievement, but the selection of subjects which we here reproduce from the exhibition of paintings by the Official War Artists recently brought together at the National Gallery, is at least typical of modern art.

"Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. F. Brooke, K.C.B." R. G. Eves, R.A.

"An Air Gunner in a Turret—Sergeant G. Holmes, D.F.M." J. Mansbridge.

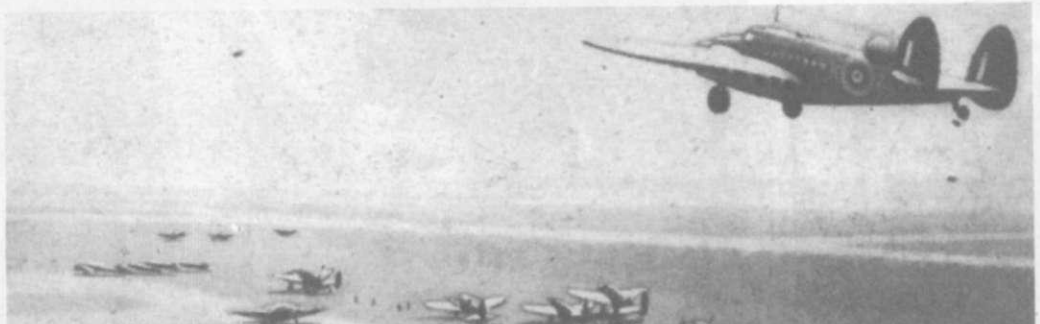
"Able Seaman Povey, of H.M.S. 'Hardy.'" Eric Kennington.

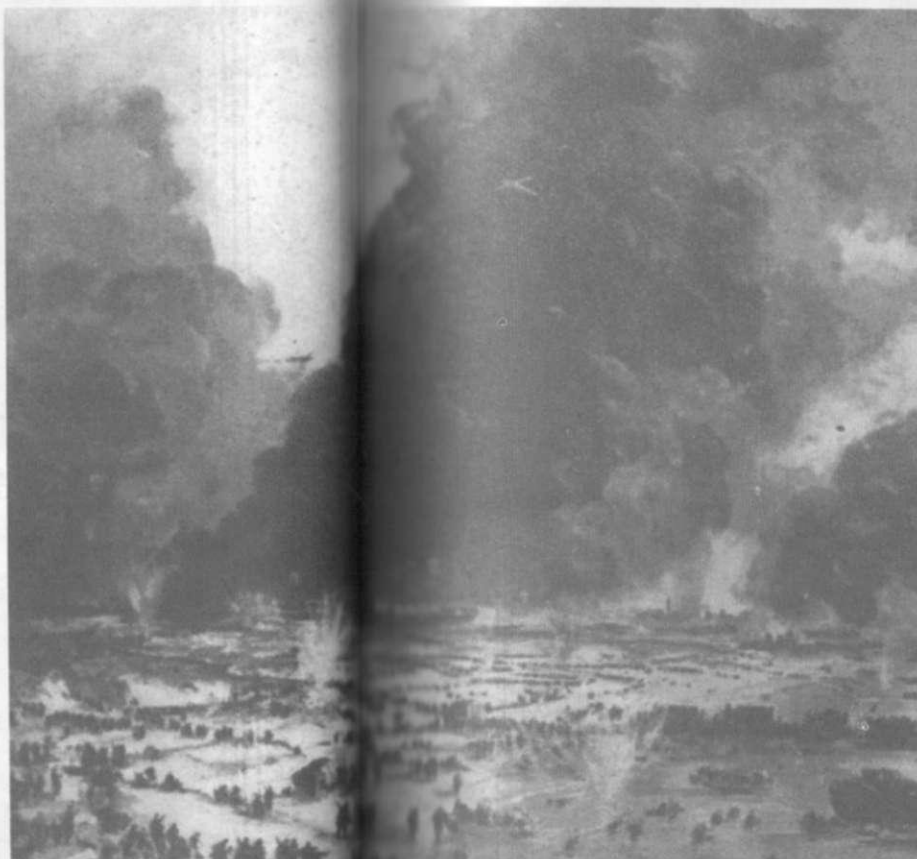


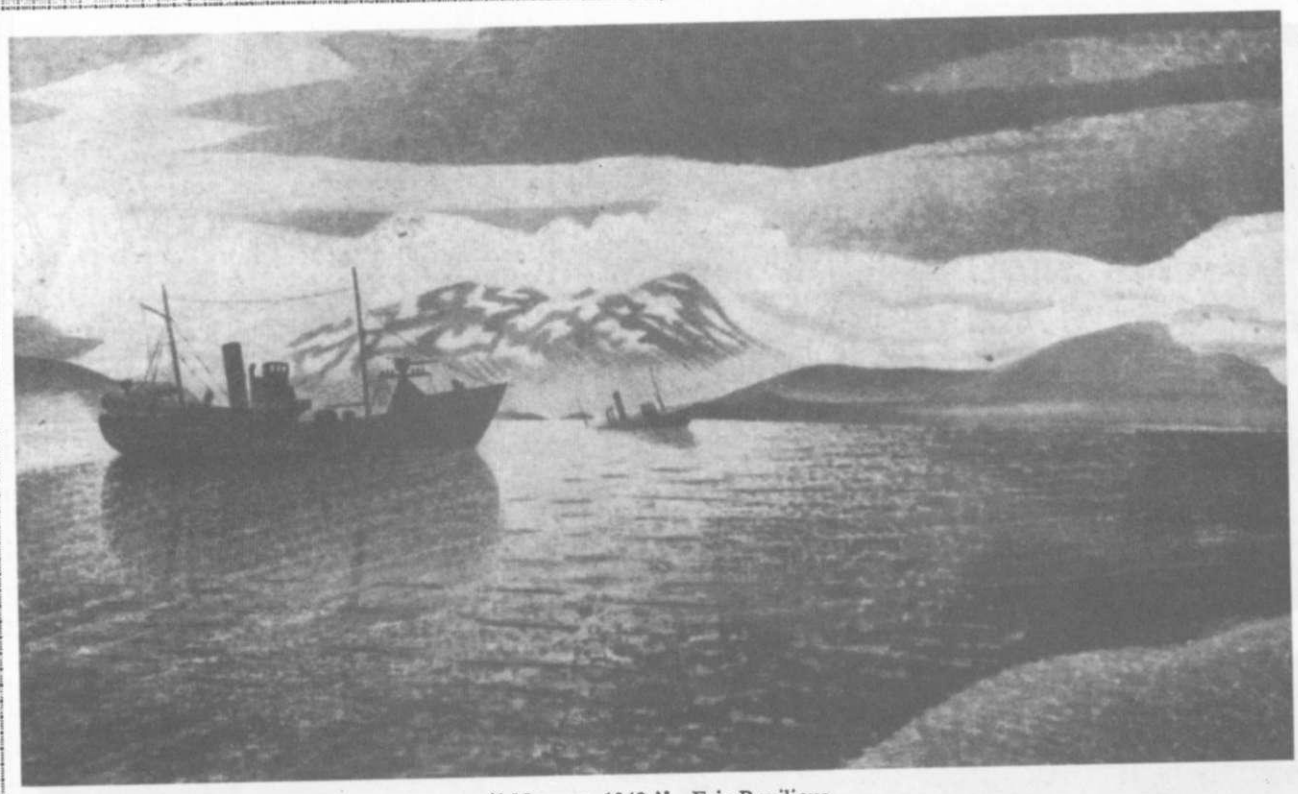
"Coldstream, Irish and Welsh Guards in Gymnasium." Anthony Gross. (*Above*)

"A Street in Louvain (just before the bridge was blown up in front of the German advance, May 1940)." Edward Ardizzone. (*Top right*)

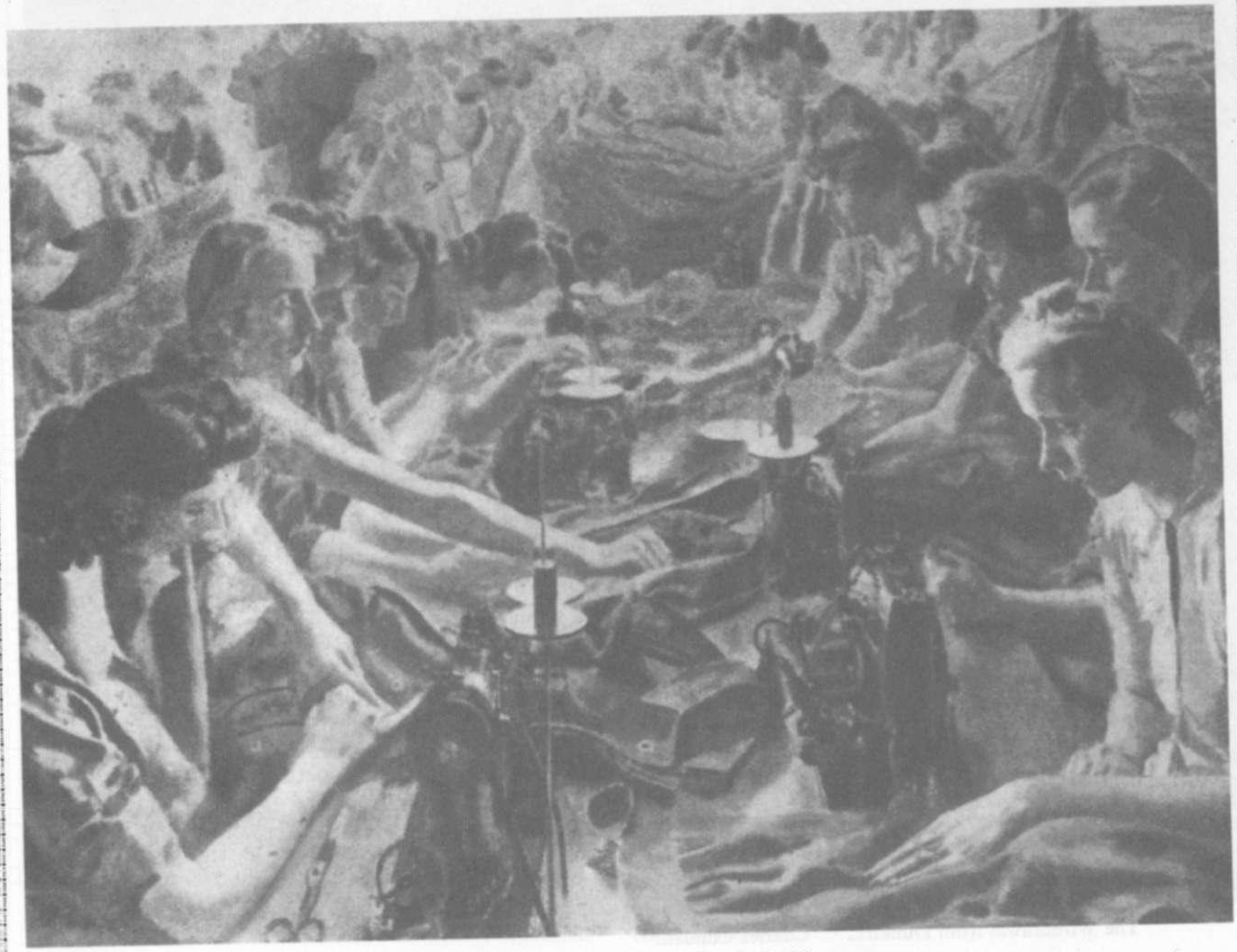
"Bombing practice." W. Conor (*Left*)







"Norway, 1940." Eric Ravilious.



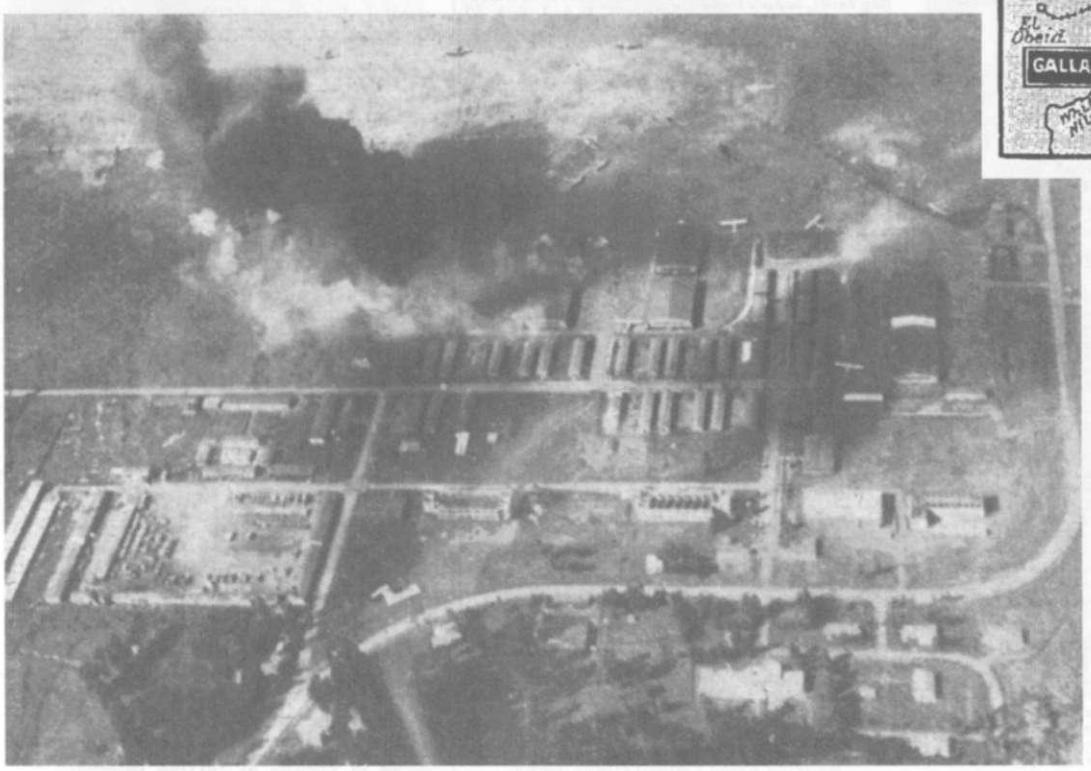
"Manufacture of Battle Dress." A. R. Thomson.

Abyssinia May Soon Flame into Revolt

Abyssinian chiefs are seen affirming their loyalty to their Emperor, Haile Selassie, at the latter's headquarters in the Sudan. The Emperor is completing plans for regaining his throne.

GALLABAT, on the borders of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Abyssinia, lies at the foot of a slope on a small river, and has a population of about 3,000. On November 6 a British column, supported by units of the R.A.F., surprised and recaptured the place, the whole action occupying only three-quarters of an hour. Aircraft, tanks, armoured cars and artillery were employed, and the enemy suffered heavy casualties. The Italians counter-attacked, and though they claimed that they had recaptured the town, Cairo announced on Nov. 11 that the place was still held by the British. In the Kassala area British mobile forces have continued to maintain pressure on the Italian detachments. During these successful operations the Emperor Haile Selassie was reported to be "somewhere in the Sudan." He is in constant touch with Abyssinian chieftains and has done much to further the Allied cause against Italian aggression.

Gallabat is 85 miles north-west of Lake Tana, and has strategic importance since it passes the road to the lake. Three roads branch from it into the Sudan.



Addis Ababa, the Abyssinian capital, has been repeatedly bombed by the R.A.F., and military objectives have been extensively damaged. Italian air bases in the Western Desert have likewise suffered during the British raids. Hangars at Addis Ababa are seen on the left after direct hits have been scored.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Paramount Newsreel

Our Bombers Will Yet Destroy the Nazi Tyranny

In heartening words the Secretary of State for Air spoke on Nov. 6 of Britain's plan to strike with ever-increasing weight at German factories, shipyards and oil refineries and give the Germans "a strong taste of their own medicine." Below, in text and table, the doughty work of the Bomber Command during October is summarized.

DURING October the Bomber Command of the Royal Air Force carried out at least 484 raids on the two hundred "targets" listed in the table below—including 47 aerodromes and seaplane bases; 39 railway junctions, sidings, stations or goods yards; 37 dockyards, ports or naval bases; 27 munition works, engine factories and chemical works; 18 oil refineries, depots, or hydrogenation works; and 11 power stations. A dozen or more times some of these key-points have been bombed; the effect on the transport system alone can be gauged by an extract from a letter quoted in "The Times" of Nov. 7:

"A Swiss friend of ours lately returned to Bale from Hamburg, and had to change trains 52 times owing to the activities of the R.A.F."

Another index of the quickening tempo of the R.A.F. raids is given by a comparison of the number of our bombers lost in such operations during October (37 in all) with the total number (67) lost in similar operations during the thirteen months of war ending September 30, 1940. (This last figure also includes aircraft of the Coastal Command.) There is little doubt that under its new chief, Sir Charles Portal, the Bomber Command will strike ever harder during the months to come—and by day as well as by night.

A hint of this development is given by some of the Air Ministry's communiqués during October. Thus on October 3, "taking full advantage of the cover provided by low-lying clouds, bombers of the R.A.F. carried out a series of raids directed chiefly against coastal objectives from Rotterdam to Dunkirk. A large ironworks between Wesel and Halkern was also attacked during the afternoon by a bomber which flew across Holland and penetrated into Western Germany." Two days later, "a railway line outside Cherbourg, used by the Germans for bringing up supplies, was wrecked by Blenheims of the Coastal Command in a daylight raid." Again, next day, in a series of raids which began soon after dawn and lasted until the late afternoon, R.A.F. bombers attacked coastal objectives and shipping over an area extending from Harlingen in the north to Boulogne in the south-west. One of our pilots making for Calais was attacked by 12 Messerschmitts; he shot down one and evaded the rest. Direct hits were scored on dockside warehouses at Calais, on a quay and on some twenty barges.

These 500-lb. bombs, being hauled out in pairs at an R.A.F. ammunition store, are destined for the bomb-racks of a long-range squadron about to make another of the long series of raids on Germany. *Photo, Central Press*

Another series of daylight raids was made a couple of days after, on targets in Germany and Holland. Railway sidings at Warendorf (50 miles east of Munster) were bombed.

Berlin was raided on October 26 for the twenty-sixth time. Soon after 9 p.m. our small heavy bombers opened an attack on objectives in the centre of the enemy capital. For the last 100 miles of the approach to Berlin our pilots had been hampered by snowstorms, and driving snow made it difficult to locate the target. One British machine became iced up and went into a flat spin. Bombs were dropped to lighten the aircraft, but the spin continued, and the crew were warned to be ready to bale out. It was only after the bomber's trailing aerial had been wrenched off by contact with the ground that the pilot regained control.

Despite thick cloud down to 2,000 feet, on another occasion our bombers attacked Berlin for ninety minutes; heavy bombs were dropped on the Moabit Power Station in a series of attacks at varying heights.

Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary for Air, in a Speech at Sheffield, Nov. 6.

It would be a great mistake to think that we are only concerned to defend ourselves against German attacks. . . . We are doing much more than that. We're attacking with our bomber squadrons the very roots of Nazi power and giving the Germans in Berlin and other German cities a strong taste of their own medicine. The weight of our bombing attack has increased, is increasing and will continue to increase. It is directed according to a carefully thought out plan. There in those factories where the Nazis refine their oil and make their guns and ships and aircraft and so forge the chains with which to bind the oppressed peoples of Europe, we shall seek them out and so, science and truth marching hand in hand, will break the power of tyranny and barbarism.

Bombing Raids by the R.A.F. on Germany and Enemy-Occupied Territory During October

(Compiled from Official Air Ministry Communiqués)

Numbers following place-names denote the days of the month on which raids were made

Aerodromes

Berlin, 7
Bleville, near Le Havre, 4
Bremen, 7
Brussels, 25, 26, 28
Bussum, 5
Cologne, 12
Cuxhaven, 25
De Kooy, 2, 9, 10, 11, 14
Diepholz, 6, 24
Diest, 7
Duisburg, 9
Eelde, 23
Eindhoven, 10
Flensburg, 2
Flushing, 9
Glisy, 27
Haamstede, 1, 9, 25
Halle, 12
Kloppenburg, 10
Krefeld, 9
Magdeburg, 14, 27
Merseburg, 10
Mulheim, 9
München-Gladbach, 10
Munster, 7, 12
Norderney, 10, 11, 13
Nordhausen, 14
Oldenburg, 2, 5
Oosvoorne, 10
Osthein, 10
Poix, 28
Querqueville, 27
Rheine, 29
Rotterdam, 12
Schipdel, 5
Schipol, 2, 7, 25, 27
Stade, 18
Sylt, 11, 14
Texel, 2, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13
Tondern, 10
Vught, 12
Wangerooge, 11
Wesel, 2, 13
Wesermunde, 14
Woensdrecht, 13
Ypenburg, 2, 26
Zwischenahn, 2

Aircraft Factories, Aircraft Stores, etc.

Amsterdam, 1, 7, 8, 10, 12
Berlin, 26, 27
Bremen, 23
Pilsen, 27
Wismar, 23

Gun Positions

Borkum, 13
Cap Gris Nez, 1, 7, 12, 15, 25
Terschelling, 13

Chemical Works, Munition Works, Metal Works, etc.

Berlin, 1, 7, 24
Bitterfeld, 12
Bottrop, 24
Brunsbüttel, 23
Cassel, 25
Cologne, 9, 15
Dortmund, 18
Duisburg, 13
Düsseldorf, 15
Essen, 2, 5, 8, 9, 12, 13, 29
Grevenbroich, 9, 15
Hamburg, 11
Hamm, 12
Hanau, 8
Herring, 23
Herringen, 12
Homburg, 28
Leipzig, 16
Leuna, 16
Lünen (nr. Dortmund), 15, 18
Neuhaldensleben, 14, 15
Oberhausen, 10
Osnabruck, 25
Schönebeck, 15
Torgau, 12
Wesel, 3
Wittenberg, 14

Canals, River Bridges, etc.

Anna Paulowna (south of Helder, Holland), 9
Dortmund-Ems, 12
Hanover, 12
Stralsund, 29

Oil Refineries, Hydrogenation Works, Oil Stores and Depots

Bohlen, 14
Bottrop, 2, 10
Cherbourg, 3
Cologne, 1, 9, 10, 12, 26, 27, 28
Duisburg, 13
Gelsenkirchen, 1, 8, 10, 13, 15, 24, 29
Hamburg, 2, 8, 10, 24, 25, 27, 28
Hanover, 10, 12, 14, 23, 24, 25, 27
Homburg, 9, 28, 29
Kiel, 15
Leuna, 10, 16, 26, 27, 29
Magdeburg, 10, 14, 15, 23, 27, 28, 29
Meisburg, 14
Ostermoor, 27
Reisholz, 10, 25
Saltzbergen, 15
Sterkrade, 1, 29
Stettin, 2, 14, 26, 27

Power Stations

Amsterdam, 12
Berlin, 7, 12, 23, 26, 27, 29
Brest, 26
Cologne, 1
Gelsenkirchen, 8
Hamburg, 24, 25
Kiel, 8, 25
Leuna, 16
Lorient, 12, 15
Reisholz, 9
Waldeck, 12

Railway Stations, Marshalling Yards, Supply Depots

Antwerp, 15
Berlin, 7, 12, 23, 24, 26, 27
Bottrop, 24
Bremen, 24, 26
Brussels, 9, 26
Celle, 26
Cherbourg, 3, 4
Coblenz, 1, 23, 28
Cologne, 1, 2, 5, 9, 12, 27, 28, 29
Dorsten, 27
Dortmund, 18, 26
Duisburg, 1
Duisburg-Ruhrort, 27
Düsseldorf, 9, 15
Ehrang, 7
Emmerich, 24
Frankfurt-am-Oder, 23
Gelsenkirchen, 10
Göttingen, 14
Gremberg, 1, 2, 7, 8, 9
Halle, 15
Hamburg, 29
Hamm, 1, 5, 7, 10, 12, 13, 15, 23, 24, 27
Hanover, 14, 29
Homburg, 9
Koblenz, 9
Königshofen, 9
Krefeld, 15, 27, 28, 29
Lingen, 14
Mannheim, 7, 8, 27, 28
Munster, 25, 29
Nordhausen, 15, 29
Osnabruck, 5, 7, 18, 24, 27, 29
Schwerte, 13, 15, 18
Siedenburg, 24
Soest, 1, 7, 10, 15
Sterkrade Holten, 1
Warendorf, 9
Wesel, 9, 24

Road Bridges

Bremen, 12
Schwerte, 13

Barge Concentrations

Den Helder, 6
Dordrecht, 6
Enkhuizen, 6
Gravelines, 5
Harlingen, 6
Heusden, 3
Stavoren, 6

Naval Bases, Docks, Harbours, etc.

Amsterdam, 2, 5, 7, 9, 10, 25
Antwerp, 2, 11, 25, 26, 27, 30
Boulogne, 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 28
Bremen, 8, 11, 16, 25, 26, 28, 29
Bremerhaven, 11
Brest, 5, 9, 10, 17
Calais, 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 26
Cherbourg, 2, 7, 10, 11, 30
Cuxhaven, 16, 24, 25, 26, 28
Den Helder, 10, 11, 14, 15, 25, 29
Dieppe, 7
Duisburg, 15, 18, 24
Dunkirk, 1, 3, 7, 12, 13, 24
Emden, 14, 18, 23, 28, 30
Enkhuizen, 6
Flushing, 1, 2, 5, 9, 10, 13, 15, 23, 24, 26, 27, 29, 30
Gravelines, 7
Hamburg, 2, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29
Harlingen, 6
Hook of Holland, 24
Kiel, 8, 10, 11, 13, 16, 18, 25, 28
Le Havre, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15
Le Treport, 11
Lorient, 7, 8, 15, 27
Lübeck, 18
Ostend, 2, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 15, 24, 25, 27, 29, 30
Rotterdam, 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 23, 24, 27
Stavoren, 6
Terneuzen, 15
Ushant, 2
Veere, 1
Wesermunde, 11
Wilhelmshaven, 2, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 24, 27, 28, 29
Wismar, 14
Ymuiden, 2, 24, 29
Zeebrugge, 7, 8, 13, 15

Total No. Raids Oct. 1-31 484

'They Are Coming Just When Most Needed'

A drinking-water fountain is for British sailors a novel but much appreciated part of the equipment of the U.S destroyers; a button is pressed and a stream of refreshing ice-cold water bubbles up.

The First Lord on the American Destroyers, Empire Broadcast Nov. 3, 1940

THE enemy's mercantile marine has, to all intents and purposes, disappeared from almost every sea except the Baltic, soon to be frozen over, while food, munitions and materials arrive here in a continuous flow and reinforcements flow out to our armies and garrisons overseas. True, shipping losses have been heavy of late, for the tax upon our Naval forces has been great. I have no wish to deny it, and I make no promises and no prophecies. I merely say that the Admiralty has been overhauling every aspect of the problem of grappling with the enemy attacks by sea and air.

In this war against our mercantile marine I think often of Nelson's incessant cry for "more frigates." How often in the past months have I heard my professional advisers cry "more destroyers," and how welcome have been the fifty destroyers which America has sent us and for which, as head of the Navy, I tender the Navy's sincere and grateful thanks! I shall be equally thankful for any more that can be spared.

*

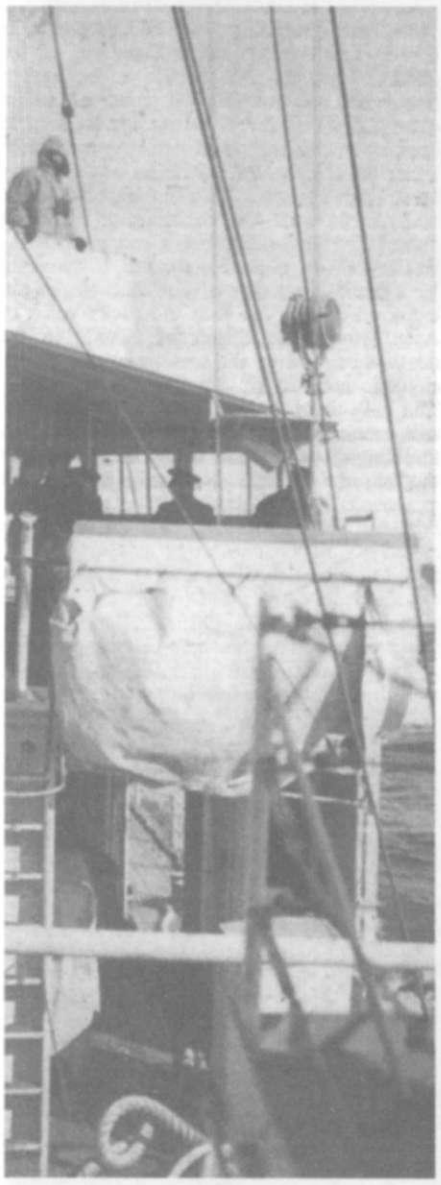
I have just read with deep interest a report of the handing over of some of these destroyers, of the American ensign being hauled down, of British crews marching on board as bands of the Royal Canadian Navy played "Hearts of Oak," an outward and visible sign of the sympathy and unity of purpose which unite two great democracies.

The White Ensign will fly at their ensign staffs in future, but many of us will in our mind's eye see the Stars and Stripes still fluttering there as well. After all, these ships and all their consorts in the Royal Navy today stand between the Western democracy and the ruthless aggression of the Nazi dictator.

The Prime Minister in Parliament, Nov. 5

WE have been in the last month at the lowest point of our flotilla strength. The threat of invasion has always been met. The great forces we are maintaining in the Mediterranean, in addition to the aircraft necessary for the protection of our innumerable convoys, have imposed upon the Royal Navy a gigantic task.

However, this period of stringency is perhaps passing. The fifty American destroyers are rapidly coming into service just when they are most needed, and the main flow of new construction started at the outbreak of the war is now coming along.



A bicycle was among other gear taken over on one of the U.S. destroyers, and it is now used by the ship's "postman" to take the mail ashore. Here he is taking a trial run on deck with his new mount.

On board the American destroyers crossing the Atlantic a sharp watch was kept for U-boats The officer on the bridge (left) is well protected against Atlantic weather. British sailors (centre) on one of the American destroyers that they have recently taken over are at practice with one of the 4-in. guns that orm part of the ship's main armament. Right, the British Commander of one of the destroyers takes a sight in mid-Atlantic.

Photos, British Official ; Crown Copyright

Now War Has Come to the Isles of Greece

Following the Italian invasion of Greece, the war was extended not only to the Balkan mainland but to the Greek islands which lie like stepping-stones between Europe and Asia. Some facts about these islands are given below, together with a suggestion of their strategical possibilities.

"THE Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece! Where Burning Sappho loved and sung. Where grew the arts of war and peace——" Byron loved Greece and loved still more the Greek islands, although it was in a squalid little port on the mainland that he breathed his last on that Easter Monday 116 years ago. There they lie, in the Aegean Sea, hundreds of them, great and small, relics of a land mass blown to pieces by the volcanic eruptions of ages ago. So many are they that the word archipelago, once applied to them alone, has now been extended to all other groups of islands which, like them, thickly stud the sea.

Most of the islands, which on the map and in reality appear as stepping-stones from Europe to Asia, belong to Greece, although two—Imbros and Tenedos, close to the entrance to the Dardanelles—are included in Turkey's territory. Imbros was occupied by the Greeks during the Great War and served as a base for the Allied operations against the Turks, but it was returned with Tenedos to Turkey by the Treaty of Lausanne of 1923. Then the Dodecanese Islands belong to Italy; of them, more later.

The Greek islands are usually divided into three groups: the Aegean Islands, the Sporades (from the Greek "sporadikos," meaning "scattered"), and the Cyclades (derived from another Greek word, "kyklas," meaning "circular": the Cyclades *encircled* the sacred island of Delos, while the Sporades were *scattered* near by).

The largest of the Aegean Islands is Mitylene (Mytilene) or Lesbos. It lies within sight of the coast of Asia Minor, and most of its surface is rugged and bare, though the valleys are very fertile, producing grapes, olives and grain. For centuries, like most of the other islands in the Aegean, it formed part of the Sultan's dominions, but it was annexed in 1912 by Greece following her successes in the Balkan War. It has a population of some 160,000, practically all Greeks. Lemnos, too, is mountainous with fertile valleys affording rich pasture for sheep, but it is inhabited by only some 4,000 people. Mudros, on the island's south coast, lies at the head of a very fine land-locked bay, whose possibilities as a naval base were fully exploited during the Great War by the Allied fleets operating against the Turks in the Dardanelles. Then to the north lie Samothrace and Thasos.

Islands Fertile and Flourishing

In Chios, a little island to the south of Mitylene, about some 30 miles long and from eight to 15 miles broad, oranges and olives grow, and the vineyards form the basis of a flourishing industry. To the south-east, separated from Turkey by a strait only about a mile in width, is the little island of Samos, 27 miles by 14; like its neighbours, it is mountainous and fertile. Small as it is, it has a population of 80,000, engaged in producing oil and raisins, cotton, and tobacco for the cigarettes in whose making many of the women and girls of the island find employment.

The Sporades lie off the east coast of Greece. Some geographers speak of the Northern Sporades and the Southern, but the latter are more usually known nowadays as the Dodecanese Islands. The Sporades include Skiathos, Skopelos, Ikos, and Skyros; both Skyros and Skiathos have fine harbours.

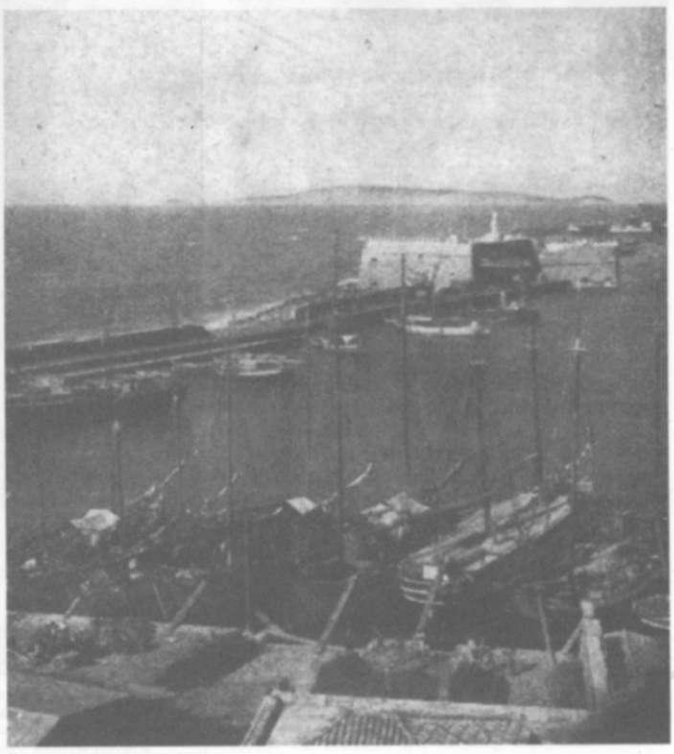
The Cyclades encircle the island of Delos, the smallest but the most famous of the group because of its having been a great centre of the religious, political and economic life of the ancient Greeks. Largest and most fertile of the group is Naxos; but all its fellows, Syros (Syra) and Tinos (where the Greek cruiser "Helle" was sunk by an Italian submarine on August 15 last), Andros, Melos (where the famous Venus de Milo was unearthed in 1820), and the rest, are gifted with a rich soil, and many are possessed of a considerable mineral wealth which, so far, has been hardly touched.

Between the Cyclades and Turkey lies the group of islands which, as mentioned above, is sometimes called the Lesser Sporades, but more usually the Dodecanese (Greek, "twelve islands"). The twelve islands are Stampalia (Astropalia), Scarpanto (Karpathos), Caso (Kasos), Piscopi (Tilos), Nisiro, Callimno (Kalymnos), Leros, Patmos, Cos, Symi, Calchi (Karchi) and Lipso. The islands were first occupied by Italy in 1912, during the Tripoli War, and they were finally ceded by Turkey to Italy in 1924.

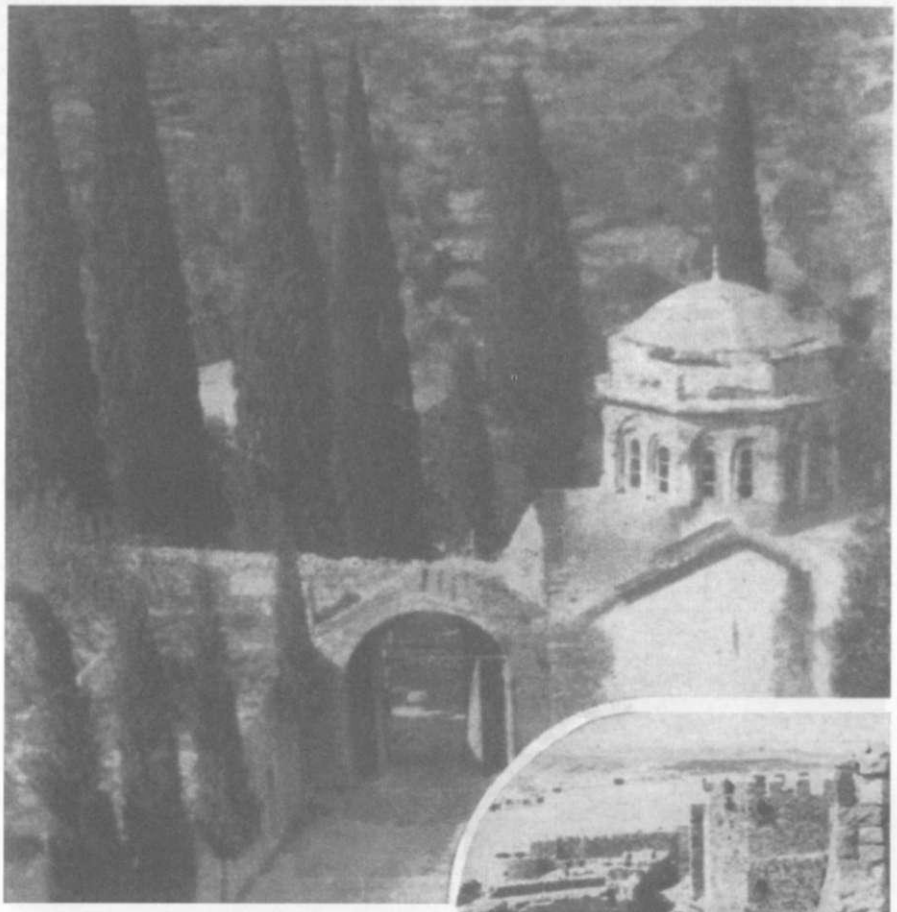
Close to the Dodecanese, so close that it is sometimes counted as one of the group, is Rhodes, very much larger than any of the others, with its 545 square miles and a population of over 60,000, most of whom are Greeks and few of whom are inclined to look upon the Italians as anything more than unwelcome intruders. Rhodes has a history stretching far back into prehistoric times, and through all the centuries it has been famed for its delightful climate and the fertility of its soil. Its surface is traversed by a mountain range of considerable height, from which may be seen the rocky coast of Asia Minor, the cluster of islands to the north-west, and to the south-west the cloud-capped summit of Mount Ida in Crete. The only town is the capital, Rhodes, which still retains the walls and towers erected by the Knights of St. John before they evacuated the island in 1522. Not only Rhodes but

Here is a map of all the Greek islands in the Aegean sea, and a smaller one of the Dodecanese group and Rhodes, which is usually included among them. Crete is in many ways the most important of the isles of Greece, for it will afford a valuable base from which the R.A.F. can attack Albania and southern Italy. Right is the harbour of Candia, the chief port of Crete.

Photo, Réne Zuber



Welcome Bases for Britain at Italy's Back Door



Picturesque scenery characterizes most of the Isles of Greece, and typical of their beauty is this great valley seen through a line of cypress trees from the monastery of Aghia Moni, in Chios.

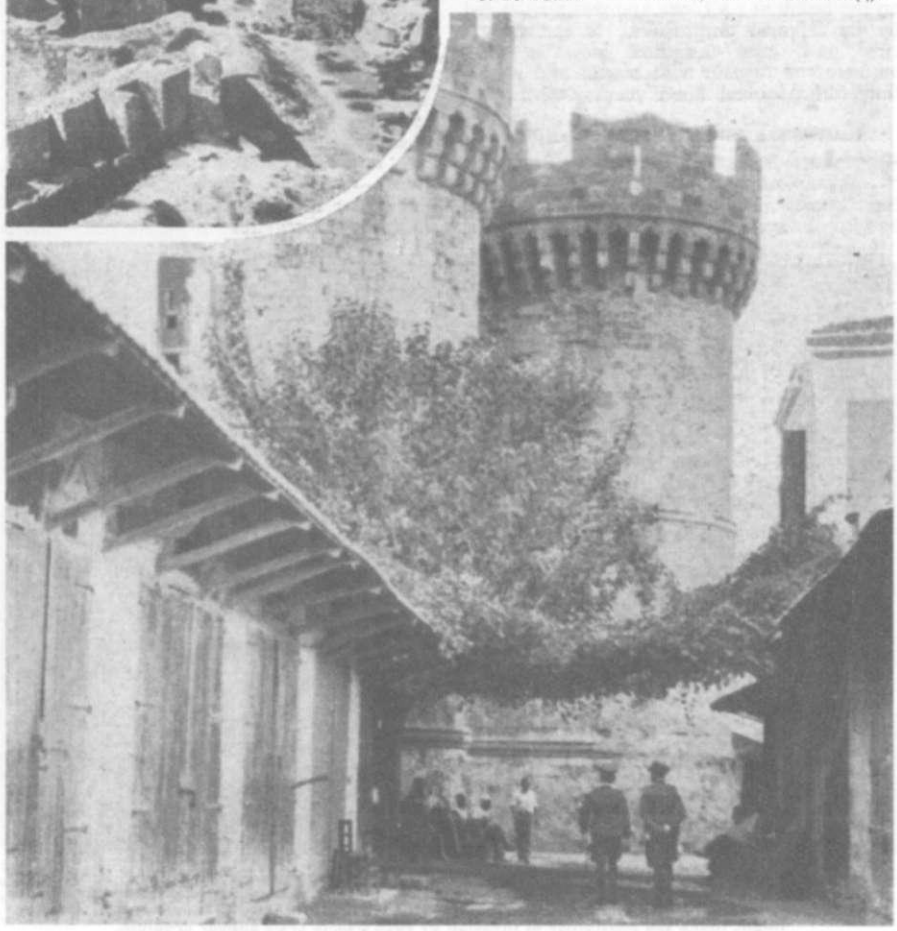
several of the Dodecanese Islands—e.g. Stampalia and Leros (called the Italian Gibraltar)—have been recently bombed or bombarded by British ships and 'planes.

Eighty miles to the east of Rhodes and almost within a stone's throw of Turkey is the tiny island of Castelrosso, on whose four square miles more than 2,000 people have their homes. During the Great War the British occupied Castelrosso as a base for carrying on their air war against Turkey, and after they had been driven out it was reoccupied by the French. Yet, in spite of its proved value in time of war, the Allies in 1922 allowed the Italians not only to include it with the Dodecanese as part of their gains from Turkey, but gave their consent to its being fortified—just as later they permitted the fortifying of the little island of Pantelleria, between Sicily and Tunis.

Right in the entrance to the Aegean Sea lies the great Greek island of Crete, 3,200 square miles with a population of nearly 400,000—Greeks, and the best type of Greeks at that. For thousands of years Crete has been civilized, and of all the archaeological discoveries of recent years there have been few to rival the uncovering of the great Minoan civilization which had its centre at Knossos. Arabs and Crusaders, Venetians and Turks, have owned Crete in turn until, in 1913, she was formally united with the kingdom of Greece. The most dominating personality in Greek politics of the Great War period was M. Venizelos, who was a native of Crete.

Crete has been described as one of the loveliest and most pleasant lands on earth, combining the beauty of continental Greece with the opulent charms of Italy. Its hilly slopes are terraced with vines, and in the valleys are wide-spreading olive groves and fruit orchards. Then, too, some of the grandest and most awe-inspiring mountain scenery in Europe is found in Crete, and seldom is the crest of Mount Ida, towering 8,000 feet above the sea, without its mantle of snow. The largest town is Candia (pop. 35,000), also known as Heraklion, but the capital is Canea (pop. 27,000). Inland and along the coast are many little villages, in which the spirit of the Middle Ages lingers yet. Even today roads are few and far between, most of the places being linked by mere bridle-paths, suitable only for donkeys or mules. Railways there are none, but Suda Bay was used by the British Navy during the Great War and more recently by the flying-boats of Imperial Airways.

Considering these things, then—considering the potentialities of the Greek islands in the Aegean and, still more, of Crete, as bases for the British Navy and Air Force, it seems all the more strange that Mussolini should have plunged into the invasion of Greece. For, in consequence of that invasion, Britain and Greece are now firm allies, and in the islands Britain is even now mustering her strength.



Relics of previous occupations are to be found in the Islands, and left is the ancient fortress of Mitylene, capital of Lesbos. Below is St. Catherine's Gate, a picturesque relic on Rhodes, once the stronghold of the Knights of St. John. *Photos, Fox and Dorien Leigh*

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

Smuts Policy Strengthened

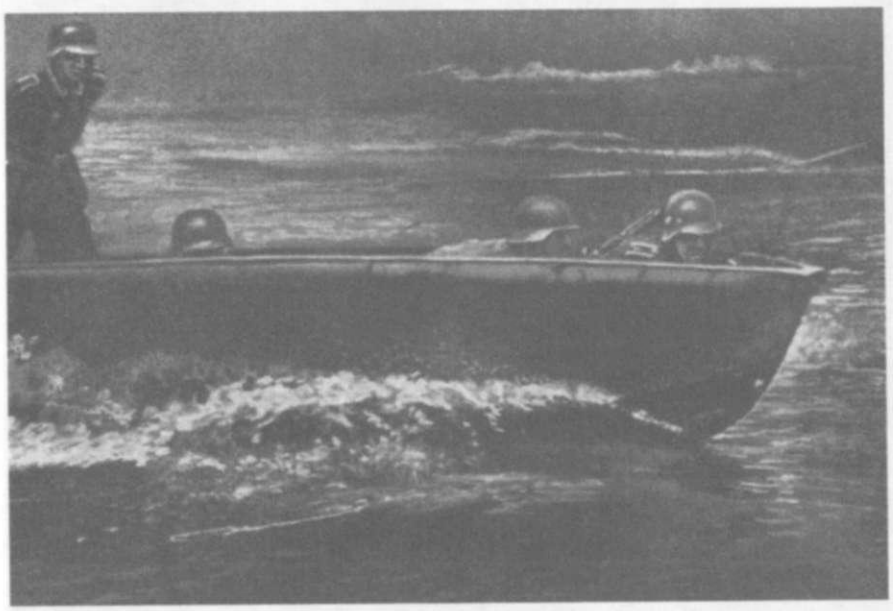
GENERAL SMUTS recently paid a three days' visit to the South African troops now serving in East Africa, in the course of which he inspected all branches of the Service and had personal meetings with scores of officers and men of all ranks. "You are not only going to protect South Africa," he told them, "but you will lay the foundations here for something much bigger. You are going to kindle a light which will shine far beyond the boundaries of South Africa." On October 27 he conferred with Mr. Anthony Eden, who has been making a tour of inspection of areas under the Middle East Command. On November 3 General Smuts returned to the Union by air, and three days later the cause he upholds was further strengthened by a complete split in the opposition Nationalist Party. After a stormy session on November 6, General Hertzog resigned the leadership of the Party, and most of his supporters followed him, leaving Dr. Malan in possession. So has come to an end an uneasy partnership between branches of the Party which only last year decided to combine against General Smuts' war policy. The result is a severe blow to the Nationalist cause in the Union.

Enemy Torpedo Device Fails

BRITISH Naval authorities at Gibraltar announced on October 30 that an abortive attempt had been made by the enemy to torpedo ships in the harbour by means of a special device. One torpedo had exploded harmlessly at the harbour entrance, and another ran ashore without exploding at La Linea, the Spanish frontier town near Gibraltar, and was removed by the local authorities to Algeciras on a motor lorry. The next day a light torpedo-carrying motor-boat of unknown nationality grounded on the beach at La Linea and was also seized by the Spanish authorities. It carried no crew and was described as "a self-manoeuvred torpedo with a seat, and something which looked like a steering-wheel."

German Troops Invade England!

SEPTEMBER 16 is thought to have been the day planned by Hitler for invading these shores in a fleet of specially prepared barges. The full story, so far as it is known, is told in page 456. But Hitler sees events, or the wishful anticipation of them, through his own magnifying and distorting spectacles, and the picture reproduced below appeared in a Government-controlled Berlin weekly paper with a wide circulation in order to gull the population into belief in a successful Nazi invasion of England. If such a photograph is authentic, the men in the so-called storm boat are training in their own waters.



A copy of the German photograph referred to in this page is reproduced above. It arrived in England by a circuitous route through Switzerland and Turkey, but it could only have propaganda value among the many millions of Germans whose total lack of knowledge of the sea might make the possibility of invasion by such fragile craft appear credible.

No Walk-Over to 'Gib'

FRENCH radio stations stated on November 7 that Gibraltar had been transformed into an island by the cutting of a canal across the isthmus connecting the Rock with Spain. This neck of land, which is about 1½ miles long and ⅜ mile wide at its narrowest point, averages only about 10 feet above sea level. The northern end of the Rock rises from it almost perpendicularly. Between the British Lines and the Spanish Lines is a tract of neutral uninhabited ground. Behind the British Lines we had characteristically constructed a racecourse; behind the Spanish Lines are fortifications and the town of La Linea. Gibraltar, which has been held by Britain for 236 years, has always been regarded as impregnable from the sea. She is also now prepared for attack from the air. Women and children were evacuated in June, and those workers who remain spend the night in complete safety in the enormous electrically lighted shelters which were cut out of the rock through the foresight of General Ironside during his Governorship, 1938-39. There are vast stores of supplies, all underground, including 140,000,000 gallons of water, obtained by catchments. If the report concerning a canal on the north is true, Britain may view with complete equanimity the possibility of another siege of Gibraltar.

Whether Spain wants Gibraltar or not, it may now be impossible to reach the Rock by land, for it has been announced that the British garrison has cut a canal through the sandy isthmus connecting it with the mainland.

Photo, courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"

Italians are so Imaginative!

HERE is the official Italian version, issued in Rome and repeated in the "Völkischer Beobachter" for October 30, of an encounter between one of Italy's submarines and a British ship. "An Italian submarine commander has a very smart action to record, in that he has sunk the English auxiliary cruiser 'Baron Erskine,' of 10,000 tons, by gunfire. The submarine had sighted two vessels, but owing to the extraordinarily rough sea was unable to use its torpedoes. In spite of enemy superiority the commander decided to exchange shots with his adversary and opened fire. He succeeded in sinking the 'Baron Erskine' within 18 minutes, and in extricating himself from the counter-attack made by the other ship. In recognition of this splendid action the commander and crew have been awarded a silver medal, two bronze medals, and nine military crosses."

This makes an impressive story, but, apart from the award of medals and crosses, it is almost entirely inaccurate. The steamship "Baron Erskine" is an ordinary merchantman of 3,657 tons, and is armed with one small gun for self-defence. She was alone when attacked by the submarine, and replied at once with her gun. The action, which was short, broke off when the submarine, having fired five shots without hitting, dived and was not seen again. The "Baron Erskine" thereupon resumed her voyage and in due course reached port. The number of honours (twelve) awarded for "sinking" a ship (doubled) of such tonnage (trebled) is lavish even for Mussolini.

Flames Drove Us Off the 'Empress'

The "Empress of Britain" was speedily avenged, for on November 5 the Admiralty announced that the U-boat which torpedoed and finally sank her had been destroyed. Below we give some further eye-witness stories of the fire, following the attack on the liner by German aircraft with high-explosive and incendiary bombs.

A MEMBER of the crew of the "Empress of Britain" said:

I cannot describe how quickly the fire spread. The ship caught fire within a few minutes as the result of hits by incendiary bombs. If it had not been for the fires we would never have had to leave the ship.

We managed to collect some of the injured and carry them aft, where some other men and I stayed with the ship's doctor helping to attend them until we were taken off.

A man who was among the last party to leave the forecastle said:

By the time we left the foremast was red-hot and the paint was falling off like strips of canvas.

An engine-room officer said:

We kept the engines running for about three-quarters of an hour after the attack, but the smoke and fumes were so bad below that we had to wear our gas masks as we went about our jobs. The lights were on, but we needed electric torches as well to see what we were doing. When the time came to abandon ship we had a bit of a struggle to get on deck.

George Larkin, a fireman, of Liverpool, said:

The first I heard was machine-gun fire. A moment later a bomb struck the ship. We were trapped, and we had to go right forward again through black choking smoke and fumes. Two men collapsed from suffocation before we reached safety by climbing to the upper deck.

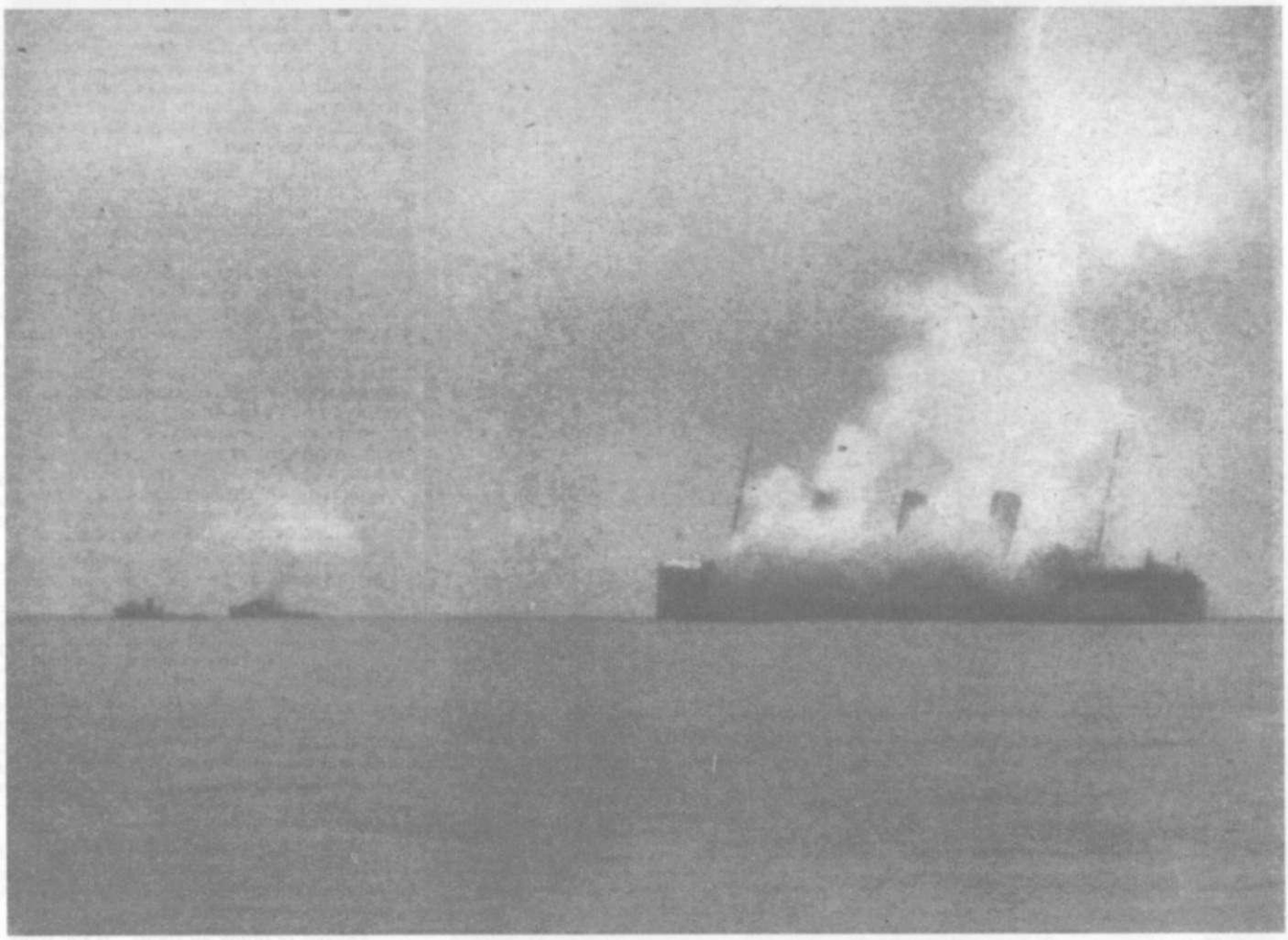
James Cameron, a steward, whose home is in London, was greeted by his wife when he arrived at a hotel in the district where the survivors were landed. He had sent her and his child away some time ago to a town near the port where he was landed. Cameron came ashore wearing an artilleryman's overcoat, a trawlerman's jacket, and his own trousers. His hands were heavily bandaged.

Describing how he got his injuries, Cameron said:

I went down the rope to get into the boat, but when I got to the water the boat had disappeared. I hung on for a time and it was then that my hands were hurt. I then found an empty lifebelt box floating about. I was wearing my lifebelt, but I can swim only a few strokes. I managed to get to the box, and then it overturned and I was trapped inside it below the water. How I managed to free myself I do not know. . . . I have a vague memory of a pal of mine appearing from somewhere with a boathook, but I don't remember being pulled into the lifeboat.

One of the stewards said:

The women were very brave. One of them, a Mrs. Stratter, found herself on a raft. Not far away was a lifeboat, but as it had only four men in it it appeared that it could not reach the raft, so Mrs. Stratter and a steward swam to the boat.



With smoke pouring from her hull and two tugs attempting vainly to tow her to safety the crack Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Britain" passes to her doom. The ship was attacked by enemy 'planes, first with machine-guns and then with incendiary bombs which set her afire amidships, before she was finally sunk by a U-boat. Her commander, Captain Sapsworth, remained on board until the decks were awash.

Photo, Associated Press; exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

I WAS THERE!

We Serve Jam Puffs Down East at 5 a.m.!

Jam puffs at 5 a.m. may not sound very appetizing or appropriate, but—as Lorna Lewis tells in this sketch from "Time and Tide"—they are just the thing when served from a mobile canteen to the people emerging from their shelters after a night of bombing.

4 A.M. . . . Not perhaps one's favourite hour for rising, especially when the All Clear hasn't gone. But here we are, scrambling out of impromptu beds, loading up the mobile canteens with tea urns, milk jugs, cakes, sausage rolls, etc. Cramming stores into the vans, tea and snacks into ourselves, tin hats on to our heads. Pushing and blundering about sleepily with heavily-shaded torches, hoping to goodness that bombs and barrage won't break over us.

Then we're off for the East End shelters which the Ministry of Health has asked us to serve. Groping our way in the blackness, we pause for each unfamiliar red light on the road. Maybe it's a road diversion due to a newly-fallen unexploded bomb; or rubble and glass on the road from bombed houses; or a fresh crater. Anyhow, better treat all red lamps with respect.

My particular goal is down in one of dockland's poorest and most battered quarters. This shelter holds anything from 1,000 to 1,200 people and is under a big warehouse. Outside its entrance we open the side of the van, let down the counter, get out mugs from the drawers, by the light of a very small electric lamp. Then out of the darkness appear pale faces, the faces of men, women and children looking up at us. The sound of distant gunfire is drowned by coughing and a clamour of voices: "Tea, miss. . . Three teas, mate, and three nice cakes. . . Tea, ma. . . Five cups of you-an'-me, please. . . Two very speshul teas for this lady, my dear, and a sponge cake and bar of milk chocolate and a large Woodbine."

In this neighbourhood there's been no gas now for weeks. It is on the emergency efforts of our and other units that many thousands of London citizens go off to their work and the dangers of the day. From our van alone my colleague and I serve in under three hours about four hundred cups of tea. Soon the counter and the cash box are a mass of crumbs and stickiness, the floor is a flood of tea drips. Washing up is done in a small bucket and is on primitive lines; we can only hope that what the customer's eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over.

Sometimes there's a lull and we can have a little conversation with our clients.

"Well, what sort of a night did you have?"

"Might have been worse, miss. We had three more houses down at the end of the road and they chipped the bridge over at the back, but we didn't do so badly." "Couldn't say, mate, I slept right through." "A better night, thank Gawd, and I'll take a meat pie and a doughnut, please, miss. How was it up your end, miss?"

Two good-tempered, robust-looking wardens bring out a collection of mugs left behind yesterday morning. The man had his home destroyed the first night of the blitzkrieg. I tell him I lost mine on the third, so he's beaten me by two days, and we all go into roars of hearty laughter. The woman warden says these bleeding bombs are a mistake and won't do Hitler any good. She also emphasizes what is already under discussion: that greatly though these breakfasts are needed and appreciated, yet as the weather gets worse and epidemics threaten, the whole question of solid hot meals for thousands of homeless people has got to be tackled by higher authorities, and tackled quickly.

The demand for cakes at this early hour is surprising to the inexperienced. Cakes, though, are sweet and sugar is scarce for most of us. Sugar gives energy and warmth, and is easy and quick to digest. Our friends eating jam puffs at 5.30 a.m. are unconsciously being more sensible than I at first supposed.

So darkness turns to light. . . The All Clear has sounded. People go off to work, which begins here anywhere between 6 and 8.30 a.m. Mothers and children and old people, armed with strange bundles of night wraps, trail home. Home . . . yes, but will it still be there? How many have come out of that shelter of rest or restlessness to find that their house is a heap of ruins? Maybe it hardly seemed worth keeping; but poor and dilapidated as it was, it was home, and it was all they had.

I go into the shelter to collect cups, and am led to wonder what the catacombs of ancient Rome looked like. This shelter is divided by half-partitions into three compartments. Part is dark, part is light. Here are the very old and the very, and often wailing, young. Here are family parties lying on benches, sprawling on heaped bedding on the floor, huddling into corners, surrounded with babies, baskets, teacups, fruit-skins, toys, all the impedimenta of poorly equipped, ill-nourished people gallantly trying to make themselves comfortable in the most difficult circumstances. The atmosphere is not of the purest; the sanitation still leaves much to be desired. But there's company and warmth, much cheerfulness, comparatively a feeling of safety; and the promise by the authorities of better things to come.

It is, I admit, a relief to come into the open again and breathe the morning air. And now dawn has turned into daylight, the sun is rising, the sky is streaked with its friendly glow. What were dim, bulky shadows turn out to be ships and warehouses. Already a new day's work has begun for many. Cats and dogs chase each other merrily in the street, children shrilly hover round and ask what's in them tins, miss. We pack up the canteen, handing out final cups to night workers hurrying home, and wish each other good-morning. Another night has passed; and we're all here.

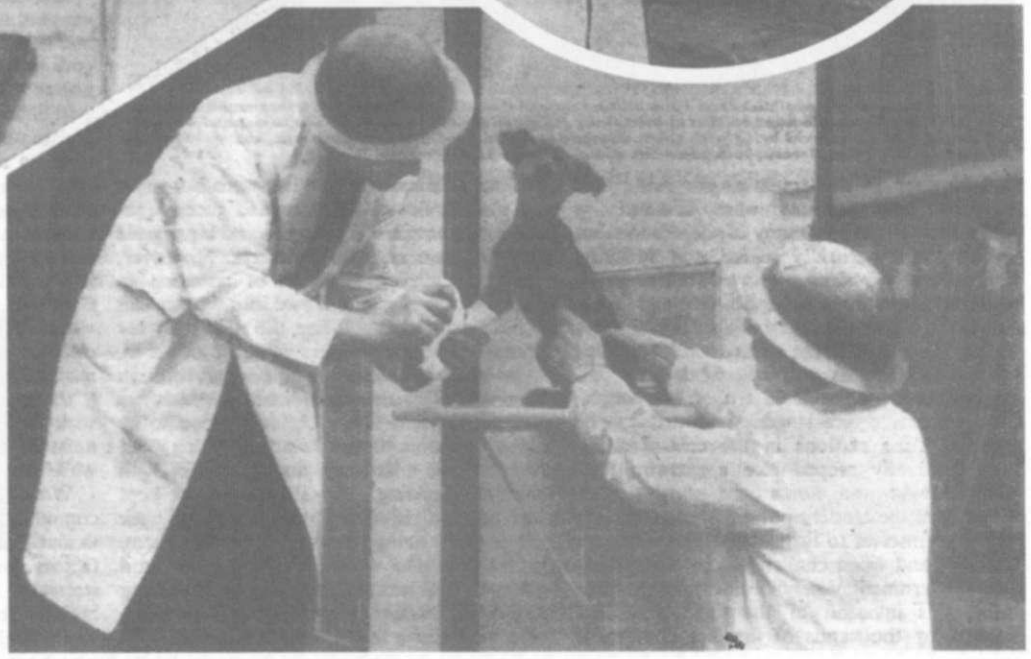
"How d'you think we're doing?" I ask a young sailor, a factory girl, and a stout woman in a shawl who are poring over today's picture paper.

"Oh, *we're* doing all right," is the reply; and a homeless warehouseman joins in: "You know, miss; I reckon 'e didn't know what 'e was up against."

A fleet of mobile canteens supply hot food and drinks to London's air-raid victims. In this page a vivid description is given of how these motorized kitchens supply the needs of men and women rendered homeless by, or sheltering from, Nazi bombs. Here is a group of people obtaining welcome refreshment from one of the canteens. *Photo, Fox*

To the Rescue of Our Friends the Animals

Many pets have been rescued from bombed areas by workers of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. An Airedale, above, is being taken from a wrecked home in London's East End. Rescued cats, right, seen among debris; circle, a dog being handed to a P.D.S.A. official.



Animals which have been injured or become separated from their owners are taken to P.D.S.A. clinics, and many thousands have received treatment since the war began. Above, an injured dog is being bandaged, and on the right a little mongrel is receiving first aid at a mobile clinic. Surely this care for those most faithful of friends, our dogs and cats, is not the least of the many encouraging features in a not very cheerful world.

Photos, Planet News

Democracy Finds Itself in London's Tube Shelters

Since the air war was developed against London many hundreds of thousands of the people of the inner ring have found a reasonably safe, if neither comfortable nor pleasant refuge at night in the Tube stations. And there, deep underground, the democratic spirit has once again manifested itself.

AMONG the things that have happened, some foreseen and some not foreseen, since the aerial war opened against London, the use made by the public, on its own initiative, of London's magnificent underground railway system for shelter has become one of the biggest problems and one of the most impressive human spectacles of the war.

Whether the Government were right or wrong in refusing to countenance the provision of deep shelters, when they had an unexpected twelve months' grace to prepare for what could be foreseen, when the air war reached London it was too late in any case to get such work done for several months. Unfortunately, it was soon evident how inadequate was the shelter accommodation in poor and crowded areas.

The London Passenger Transport Board had informed the public since the war began that Tube stations were not and might not be used as shelters in an air raid; but suddenly the stations were invaded by thousands of people, many of them homeless, all of them naturally scared and suffering from lack of sleep, who travelled every evening from the east and south-east areas which caught the first fury of the air bombardment. They came from areas densely crowded with small houses and with shelter accommodation for not one in ten of the people. They began a great trek westward to the nearest Tube stations in the central areas, and gradually seeped like a growing tide farther west and north and south. The officials of the Underground system could not bring themselves to turn the pathetic refugees adrift; and when challenged for a decision, the Government wisely decided not to prohibit this invasion of the great transport system by thousands of families who came carrying blankets, pillows, food and drink, to stay all night at the pitch they had staked somewhere on a platform or in a corridor, or on stairs and escalators.

The first stations to be very overcrowded as the black-out hour approached were junctions or otherwise convenient centres. From Liverpool Street the tide moved on westward, filling up Holborn, Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Circus. From the south-east it came into the south London lines, and then pushed on south and south-west, where new hordes of people came pouring in from Victoria, Kennington, and Balham. The same happened in the north and north-west. Everywhere the river of humanity flowed into the only capacious underground shelters of the metropolis, and reached out all along the lines, to Ealing and Edgware and Tooting.

By the end of September the first rush from the East End and the south-eastern boroughs had slowed down, as more and more basements, of commercial premises and big private houses, were opened for shelterers. Moreover, rapidly increasing numbers of residents in other districts began to crowd into the stations in their own areas. When the rush-hour for office and factory workers going home set in, it was often almost impossible to get through the crush of sweltering humanity. Mothers with babies, and sleepy children, soon to be joined by men and youths and working girls, thronged the platforms and corridors with makeshift bedding. The staircases were kept clear only so far as the station officials were able to keep going to order people off them. By tea-time the smell of the packed and motley crowds was pungent, and, remembering the entirely inadequate sanitary arrangements, there were grave fears of epidemic disease.

Here is the scene in Holland Park Tube Station, one of the first of 80 London Underground Stations at which food was provided so that those taking refuge in them should not have to depend on such "snacks" as they could bring with them. Electric urns are provided for hot drinks, and waitresses, interested in welfare work, look after the wants of those taking refuge. *Photo, Fox*

The problem is not actually solved, but certain interesting developments can be traced, as the people of this valiant democracy have started to muddle through.

First, the officials at each station had to exclude the refugees until the traffic rush of people going home from work had eased somewhat. Many of the would-be shelterers, however, carrying suitcases or a discreet bundle wrapped with a blanket, took tickets and got out at another station, and waited patiently against the wall until there would be room to lie down on their staked claim to a night's repose. Crowds of other families, too poor to do this, waited in patient queues for hours outside the stations until they could be admitted. Now that bad weather is setting in this in itself has become another difficult problem, for many of these people begin to assemble at 2 or 3 in the afternoon, and cannot enter their station till five or six o'clock.

First at Tufnell Park Station, then soon after at Kentish Town and Camden Town, a necessary organization to keep order and to assist the station staffs in clearing up every morning came from the people themselves.

The Work of Volunteers

They chose a volunteer committee, each member of which wore a badge, and assumed authority in the general interest. These committees are rarely challenged by difficult individuals, and when this happens, the popular vote quells any disturbance. The committees have also assisted in organizing medical service, and in advising and helping overworked heads of families. But this spontaneous evolution of democracy remains unrecognized officially, and depends upon the cooperation of the Underground staffs. Meanwhile, officially-sponsored efforts to safeguard health and simplify the difficulties of cheap catering are being organized. Even entertainers, mostly from amateur theatres, now give shows in the stations at night.

The real credit for so far avoiding anything worse than some inconvenience to travellers, and for discovering an alternative to panic, goes to the masses of ordinary Londoners and not to their Councils or to the Government.

It is astonishing how the people in the overheated Underground stations contrive to sleep and resume work next day. In the still hours, after the last trains have ceased, while guns and bombs and lorries thunder on London's surface—in these artificial caverns and corridors hard-working citizens lie or lean huddled together. Multi-toned snores are the most persistent sounds, broken by the whimpering and crying of infants and small children, and the soothing or rebuke of tired mothers. Often the women are anxious that "the old man"—the breadwinner, there with his family—shall not be disturbed, for he must go straight off to work from the station, while they trek homeward with the children.

Wonders of pluck and endurance are the commonplace of these London workers, particularly the young women—waitresses, clerks, factory workers—who after a night on a staircase or a concrete floor, squeezed between others, turn up next morning at work, smiling, smart, and freshly made-up.

They Have Won Honour In Freedom's Cause

2nd Lieut. A. D. E. Curtis, Royal Engineers, M.C., for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty on active service.

Col. (temp. Brig.) A. C. L. Stanley-Clarke, C.B.E., for courage and distinguished services in the field.

Maj. R. L. Willott, Royal Engineers, D.S.O., for courage and conspicuous gallantry on active service.

Maj. C. H. C. Byrne, R.A.M.C., O.B.E., for bravery and outstanding courage during evacuation of hospital.

Lt.-Col. J. B. Gartside, Lancs. Fus., D.S.O., for conspicuous gallantry and courage while on active service.

Pilot Officer W. L. McKnight, D.F.C., for outstanding courage and conspicuous gallantry in the air.

Flt. Lieut. J. A. Kent, D.F.C., for gallantry in the air, Flight Cdr. in a Polish Squadron serving with R.A.F.

Aircraftman Gordon N. Patterson, bar to D.F.M., for displaying great bravery and courage in Belgium.

Flying Officer H. A. C. Bird-Wilson, D.F.C., for displaying conspicuous bravery. Shot down six aircraft.

Act. Flt. Lt. G. E. Ball, D.F.C., for destroying five enemy 'planes. He pursued one for 50 miles.

Sgt. Joan E. Mortimer, M.M., for displaying bravery when R.A.F. station to which she was attached was bombed.

Sgt. Helen E. Turner, M.M., for remaining at her telephone switchboard under severe aerial bombardment during attack on R.A.F. station.

Act. Asst. Sec. Officer E. Candlish-Henderson, M.M., for outstanding courage and devotion to duty during air raid.

These women of the W.A.A.F. are the first to win a military decoration

Lt. T. D. Wilson, Royal Armoured Corps (Hussars), M.C., for distinguished services and gallantry in the field.

Act. Squad. Leader A. V. R. Johnstone, D.F.C., for destroying four enemy 'planes, one at night.

Squad. Leader E. A. McNab, D.F.C., for leading his squadron with great success and destroying four aircraft.

Wing Cdr. F. V. Beamish, D.F.C., for displaying gallantry and conspicuous courage during operations in the air.

Lt. D. C. Mirrieless, Black Watch, M.C., for distinguished services and displaying gallantry in the field.

Patrol Officer M. C. Sadler, Bristol A.F.S., O.B.E., for working long under bombing and machine-gun attacks.

Sgt. E. Smith, G.M., for displaying gallantry and courage in helping to extinguish a serious fire.

Fireman A. V. Thomas, Bristol Fire Brigade, G.M., for courage, gallantry and devotion to duty during fire.

Sgt. W. V. Philpott, Bristol A.F.S., G.M., for conspicuous courage and devotion to duty under bombing attack.

Sgt. W. Bryant, Bristol A.F.S., G.M., for great courage in working under bombing and machine-gun attacks.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY, NOV. 5, 1940 *430th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that two U-boats had been destroyed, one of which sank "Empress of Britain."

Reported that large British convoy in Atlantic, including liner "Rangitiki," was being attacked by German pocket battleship.

In the Air—R.A.F. carried out bombing attacks on oil sheds at Emden; shipyards at Bremerhaven and Bremen; power station at Hamburg; ports of Boulogne, Dunkirk, Antwerp and Flushing; many aerodromes.

War against Italy—R.A.F. reported to have made extensive reconnaissance flights in Greek and Italian coastal waters. Brindisi and Bari were attacked. During night of Nov. 4-5 targets at Naples were raided.

Other forces attacked objectives in Libya, and Metemma and Keren (Abyssinia).

Home Front—Three daylight attacks attempted on London and another in Dorset. Few bombs dropped in E. Kent, including Ramsgate. During night raiders bombed London, towns in E. Anglia, E. Scotland, Wales and Midlands.

Seven enemy aircraft destroyed. Five fighters lost, but pilots of two safe.

Greek War—Athens reported that Greeks had occupied new heights in Albania and were about to launch attacks on Koritza. Enemy aircraft bombed towns of the Piraeus, Patras and Volo.

Yugoslavia—Aircraft, said to be Italian, dropped bombs on Monastir.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6 *431st day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine "Taku" had sunk large enemy tanker on Nov. 2.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombed oil refineries at Salzbergen, Hamstede aerodrome, Cuxhaven harbour and convoy off Den Helder.

Night operations included bombing of works at Spandau, suburb of Berlin, and railway junction west of city. Many other parts of Germany were heavily attacked.

War against Italy—Frontier post of Gallabat, on Sudan-Abyssinia frontier, captured by Italians in July, retaken by British.

Home Front—Southampton suffered daylight raid, resulting in casualties and damage to houses and public buildings. During night raids on London populous district was damaged. Two churches and block of flats hit. In crypt of one church nearly 600 people were sheltering, but all escaped. South coast town had its 175th raid.

Six enemy aircraft destroyed. Four British fighters lost, but pilot of one safe.

Greek War—Important new Greek advances reported. Positions gained have cut northern route for provisioning Koritza. On Epirus front Greeks made slight withdrawal from R. Kalamas.

Greek aircraft successfully bombed aerodromes of Koritza and Argyrokastro. R.A.F. attacked air base at Valona, Albania.

Africa—Lambarene, town in Gabon, surrendered to Free French Forces.

General Hertzog and his followers resigned from Nationalist Party.

General—Mr. Roosevelt re-elected to Presidency of U.S.A.

THURSDAY, NOV. 7 *432nd day*

In the Air—Aircraft of Bomber Command made heavy attacks on Krupps works at Essen; synthetic oil plant at Cologne; blast furnaces at Düsseldorf and Oberhausen; docks on Dortmund-Ems Canal; inland port of Duisburg; shipping in Dunkirk harbour; Lorient submarine base; many aerodromes.

War against Italy—Fierce air fights over Gallabat which Italians tried to recapture.

Home Front—Three formations of enemy aircraft approached Britain, one entering Thames Estuary, the other two making for Portsmouth. All were dispersed. H.M.S. "Egret" destroyed one Junkers dive bomber and hit another.

Intensive night raids on London and Home Counties. Children's hospital suffered two direct hits. Bombs also fell in Midlands and in S.W. England.

Seven Nazi aircraft shot down. Britain lost five, but all pilots safe.

Greek War—Athens reported that fresh enemy attacks on Epirus front were repelled. In same sector 9 tanks were destroyed.

R.A.F. again bombed Valona aerodrome. Reconnaissances carried out over Greek and Italian coasts. Brindisi heavily raided.

FRIDAY, NOV. 8 *433rd day*

On the Sea—British steamer "Empire Dorado" reported to be sinking off Ireland after attack by Nazi sea raider.

In the Air—Strong force of R.A.F. bombers attacked railway stations and goods yards at Munich, and also hit famous beer cellar.

THE POETS & THE WAR

XXXVII

TO THE WORKERS OF LONDON

By M. D. Anderson

You should be proud, the humdrum and the weak,
Not versed in war nor schooled to high performance,
Who bear no shield but your own mute endurance,
Carry no sword but keen-edged Cockney laughter.
You should be proud indeed, for when men speak
Of this or that great hour of Time, hereafter:
"London once saved Man's liberty," they'll say,
"And those who fought their unheroic way
Through nameless dangers to mere drudgery,
Helped thus to hold a new Thermopylae."
Are you not proud, the humdrum and the weak?

—*The Observer*

Many other important targets in Germany and enemy-occupied territory were hit, including oil refineries, goods yards and 18 aerodromes.

Coastal Command aircraft made intense attack on submarine base at Lorient.

War against Italy—R.A.F. renewed attacks on aircraft factory at Turin and Pirelli magneto works at Milan.

Raids made on Tobruk and Derna (Libya) and on military centres in Abyssinia.

Home Front—Enemy dive bombers, escorted by fighters, attacked shipping off E. and S.E. coasts and were heavily engaged by R.A.F., fifteen being shot down by one squadron. Two more destroyed by guns of H.M.S. "Winchester," and three others hit. "Winchester" sustained slight damage. One merchant ship sunk and another damaged but reached port.

Intense A.A. barrage reduced number of night raiders over London. A.R.P. centre received direct hit.

Twenty enemy aircraft destroyed. Six British fighters lost, but three pilots safe.

Greek War—Italians claimed to have reinforced their bridgeheads across R. Kalamas. Greeks announced they had taken 150 more prisoners.

Yugoslavia—Italians bombed Monastir.

General—Roosevelt stated that half U.S. war output would go to Britain.

SATURDAY, NOV. 9 *434th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine "Sturgeon" had destroyed two enemy supply ships.

Announced that a British merchantman and the American steamer "City of Rayville" had been sunk off Australia by enemy mines. Latter was first U.S. loss of war.

In the Air—Aircraft of Bomber and Coastal Commands attacked submarine base at Lorient, docks at Boulogne and Calais, and many aerodromes.

War against Italy—Cairo stated that operations in Gallabat area were continuing.

R.A.F. raided Assab, Keren, and Agordat.

Home Front—Enemy daylight activity limited to few flights by single aircraft. Bombs fell in London area, Home Counties, Eastern England, Midlands, Liverpool and North-West. During night raiders flew over widespread areas of England and Wales.

Germany lost 7 aircraft, Britain none.

Greek War—Athens reported that Venezia Division of Alpini, on centre front in Pindus area, had been cut off, together with two regiments sent to relieve them.

General—Death of Mr. Chamberlain.

SUNDAY, NOV. 10 *435th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine H 49 was considered lost.

In the Air—Daylight attacks by R.A.F. on shipping at Boulogne and Calais. Targets bombed at night included oil plants, factories, docks, shipping, railway junctions, 14 aerodromes. Danzig bombed for first time.

War against Italy—Admiralty announced that Fleet Air Arm aircraft of H.M.S. "Ark Royal" carried out bombing attack on harbour and aerodrome at Cagliari, Sardinia.

R.A.F. raided Italian supply bases in Albania, including Sarande, Konispol and Valona. During night of Nov. 9-10 Naples was again raided.

Another attack made on Assab. Enemy twice raided Malta, but without material effect. Gallabat still in British hands.

Home Front—Enemy made raids on towns on Kent and Sussex coasts, and machine-gun attack on Scilly Isles. Strong force crossed Dorset coast but was dispersed.

At night bombs fell in many districts of London. A South coast town was heavily bombed. Damage and casualties occurred in areas of Thames Estuary.

Greek War—Italians attacked across R. Kalamas but were driven back and lost their bridgeheads. Greeks captured further strategic points dominating Koritza road at Berat, and made other advances.

Africa—Libreville, capital of Gabon, surrendered to Free French Forces.

MONDAY, NOV. 11 *436th day*

On the Sea—C.P.R. liner "Empress of Japan" reached port safely despite German claim of having left her sinking.

Three enemy aircraft destroyed by naval escort and others damaged when they attacked British convoy in North Sea.

In the Air—Daylight attacks made by R.A.F. on Lorient and several aerodromes. Weather precluded night operations.

War against Italy—R.A.F. raided Albanian port of Durazzo. Enemy naval base at Taranto also bombed.

Home Front—Strong formation of Italian aircraft routed when they attempted to attack shipping in Thames Estuary; eight bombers and five fighters shot down by Hurricanes.

Several formations of German aircraft tried to reach London but few machines succeeded. Others attempted to attack convoy off Kent coast but were driven off.

Thirteen German and 13 Italian aircraft destroyed, one of former by Home Guard. Britain lost two fighters.

Greek War—Italians everywhere taking up defensive positions. Greeks captured many prisoners and much war material.